MAINE FARMER

AGRICULTURE MECHANIC ARTS GENERAL INTELLIGENCE &c

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"Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man."

SHADE TREES OF MAINE.

Although we cannot boast of magnolias, nor tulip trees among forest trees indigenous to Maine, we have, nevertheless, some that are as lofty and as rich in leaf, if not in flower, as any in the world; and which for cleanliness, extent of branches, and density of foliage, (through which the fiercest rays of the sun cannot ever creep,) are not surpassed.

Our elms, our maples, oaks, beeches, ash, bass, butternut, and many others, constitute the finest of shade trees, when suitably located and properly taken care of. Among the great numbers which are natives of our forests, the elm and the rock-maple are most usually selected for setting out around buildings, and along the margin of streets, for ornament and shade. And noble trees they are, too. Each large, lofty and durable, and each with distinct characteristics, and both great favorites. We propose, in some future numbers, to give a descriptive list of such *natives* as are well adapted to shade and ornamental purposes. We wish we had appropriate cuts, illustrative of their distinctive characters, but such would be more expensive than we can at present afford. Some farmers are opposed to having trees in their fields and pastures, and can never rest easy until "they have laid the axe at the root of the tree, and forthwith it is hewn down." But if such a man would inquire of his horse, or his ox, or his sheep, they would tell him, in clear and unequivocal language, that it is a benefit to have a suitable number of such sheltering trees in such places.

Look at them when the sultry sun of summer pours down a scorching flood of heat upon the earth. They at once betake themselves to the shades which such trees make. Look at them when the rain and the storms of summer come driving in showers upon them. They then fly to them for shelter and protection from its peltings.

The Michigan Farmer, in a very good article upon shade trees, says: "Every field on the farm should be well supplied with shade trees. No animal can take on fat, or yield much milk, which is exposed, day after day, in the open fields, to a scorching summer sun. Horses suffer extremely in such situations, and were it not for the shelter afforded by the fences, sheep would die."

A little attention to these things would enable a farmer to set out, or sometimes obtain them by merely suffering them to grow naturally in such places, where there would, on account of rocks or ravines, be less feed than in other parts of the fields or pastures, and thus the advantage of shade be secured, where little or no feed would have been obtained.

SALT YOUR DUNG HEAPS.

In many stables where horses are kept in the summer, and also around barns and in barn cellars, in the spring of the year, manure heaps will begin to ferment, or "heat," as some call it, and the ammonia begins to fly off. This is known by the peculiar pungent smell, well known to those who have noticed such things a little.

This state of things should be checked, for the ammonia is a very important ingredient in manures, and should be retained in them until applied to the earth or the crop. In order to do this, one of two very cheap articles may be applied. Common plaster of Paris, dusted over the heap occasionally, will absorb the ammonia as it arises, and keep it from flying off into the atmosphere and being lost to its owner.

Common salt is another article which may be advantageously used. The following mode of applying it is laid down by some who have practised the use of it. Dissolve four pounds of salt in two buckets of water, and pour it on to the manure heap through the nose of a water pot.

The theory or explanation of the action of the salt in this case is this:—Common salt is composed of muriatic acid and soda. The ammonia combines with the muriatic acid of the salt and forms muriate of ammonia, (sometimes called sal ammoniac.) This is not a gaseous, or volatile body, and of course settles down and remains in the manure heap, where you want to keep it until taken up by the growing crop.

The soda being separated from the muriatic acid, soon unites with the carbonic acid gas, (which is also liberated freely when manure ferments,) and thus is formed into carbonate of soda, and remains in the manure heap until taken up or made use of by the growing crops. In this very simple manner, you will be able to save the volatile parts of the manure, and add to its value.

POWER OF INSECTS.

An insect—a fly or a "*bug*"—is a very little thing, a weak, despicable thing—a single touch of the hand will crush it, and yet it is powerful for good or for evil. You plant a tree,—an apple tree, for instance,—for years you dig about and cultivate it. It grows up a lordly, stately tree—spreads its branches freely abroad, and every year produces barrels of fruit. You look at it with pride, and exult in its size and strength. While you are looking at it with so much complacency, a little bug flies upon it, so small and insignificant that you hardly notice it. It deposits an egg in the bark—a worm hatches, in size hardly perceptible to the naked eye—it penetrates into the tree, and works its way as it increases in size further and further around the trunk, hidden, unseen, and yet, by little and little, winding its way around, and by another summer your tree is dead.

The ravages of insects upon fruit and forest trees are sometimes so extensively destructive as to exceed belief, when not seen and examined by your own eyes. Some thirty, or more, years ago, the pines and hemlocks in some sections of Maine became covered by a small worm which destroyed acres and acres of large and valuable timber. There is no species of tree or vegetable that has not some enemy of an insect to attack and oftentimes destroy it. The following from the Saco Union, shows that the oak, in some parts of York county, is liable to destruction by the attack of some of the weak, insignificant, but powerful insect tribes.

"Mr. John Lunt, of North Kennebunkport, has left at our office an oak bough, or we should rather say branch, which was cut off by an insect or worm, which seems to be making sad havoc with the forest trees. The limb is ¾ of an inch in diameter, and the wood where cut off is perfectly sound. Not far distant from its end there is a dead twig, in the centre of which is an aperture of perhaps a sixteenth of an inch in diameter, where the "varmint" went in. Mr. Lunt says the ravages of this insect are very extensive, and not entirely confined to the oak."

FORMIDABLE LOSSES.

Every farmer who understands common arithmetic, may amuse and instruct himself with advantage by a few interesting calculations. Successful tillage, as every one knows, consists in three important particulars, viz: a good soil, its fertility made accessible, a monopoly of that fertility by the crop intended. A soil may consist of the most valuable ingredients, but if these are kept immersed in a subterranean basin of water, as in many undrained soils during every wet season, they are inaccessible to the plant as if encased in walls of masonry. A hard, uncrumbled soil is little better. But the greatest absurdity in farming is to expend five or ten thousand dollars in the purchase of land, some hundreds more in fitting it for prolific crops, and then permitting one-fourth, one-third, or even one-half of its costly value to be drawn out and destroyed by the growth of useless weeds.

We have known men who were exceedingly jealous of "their rights." Rather than be defrauded of a half dollar, they would rush into a lawsuit costing twenty times that sum. Rather than lose "the best end of the bargain," they would resort to a great many inconvenient and troublesome expedients. Rather than submit to have a neighbor's lawless hog dig a single meal of potatoes, they would incur perpetual resentment. But strange things have not yet come to an end, for these are the very same men that submit with most admirable patience to the invasion and waste of thousands of elder bushes and burdocks, tens of thousands of mullein and horse thistles, and a hundred thousand Canada thistles and red-root plants.

Now the calculations we are about to propose, as above alluded to, are these: Let every land owner, whose fences are lined with a belt of elders, burdocks and briars, ascertain, by weighing, the precise amount of vegetable growth yielded by these plants on a square yard of land; multiplying by thirty will give him the weight on a square rod. Then let him make a fair estimate of the amount of land thus occupied along all the miles of his fence, and he may soon know how many tons of elder bushes, briars, and burdocks his costly land grows in a year. It would, of course, be quite as well for him to have this growth in clover, timothy, or Indian corn—but before throwing the calculation aside, let him ask himself if he would not feel somewhat indignant should his neighbor's cattle fall upon and devour an equal number of tons from his meadow or corn field? Now, cannot he contrive to get up a like amount of indignation at the weeds? The same kind of calculation may be applied on the same farm, to the Canada thistles, horse thistles, Johnswort, pig weeds, mulleins, mustard, and fox-tail grass, which grow in various degrees of denseness, broadcast over the fields. We cannot but think that on some farms it would present rather a startling results.

It would be an interesting inquiry to look into the actual losses sustained through the whole country by the growth of weeds. How many tons, on an average, are grown by each of the million farmers of the United States? Three—five—or ten? If the former only, the aggregate crop would be enough to load a continued train of farm wagons, three thousand miles long—or twenty thousand canal boats—or more than ten times all the whale ships belonging to the country—with this useless herbage. A single weed, the red root, has been estimated to have occasioned greater loss in some counties than if every dwelling house had been consumed by fire. Is not this subject one worthy of some considerable attention.

Now, there are two ways in which all this evil comes upon us. The first is by the increase of seeds—the second, the want of prompt destruction when the evil has once commenced. The increase by seed, under favorable circumstances, almost exceeds belief. We have counted the grains on a single moderate sized plant of chess, and found over three thousand. An equal increase the second year would produce nine millions; the third year, twenty-seven thousand millions; the fourth—but we will let some of our young arithmetical readers carry out the reckoning for ten years, and see if there is not enough seed by that time to turn the whole wheat crop of the globe into chess. A full grown, adult pig weed, will yield eight thousand seeds, which may increase in a few years to countless myriads, just because, as Prof. Lindley says, the cultivator was unwilling to make "a single flexure of his vertebral column," in extracting the first young weed from the soil. There are certain weeds, troublesome and costly in the highest degree, in some regions of country, which are entirely unknown in others—simply because no seeds have ever been deposited there. Then again there are other localities which were once plentifully infested, but where they have been completely eradicated, and not a single representative left. We could name several farmers who have succeeded in eradicating from both soil and seed, the last vestige of that insidious intruder, chess; and several others who by vigilance and industry, had exceedingly lessened the annual weeding of red-root. Such examples are worthy of imitation, and at this time of year, when weeds are preparing to form their millions of germs for increase, we hope the subject may receive the special attention of cultivators.

[Albany Cultivator.

Concealed buds may be started by making a niche immediately above them with a knife. This is a good way to form new limbs.

ROTATION OF OUR FOREST TREES.

We desire here to allude to a subject which has an important indirect bearing, at least, on the subject of agriculture, because it illustrates the great rotation principle, in the vegetable kingdom.

The forests in many parts of our country are about changing their tenants. In our vicinity, the great burden of our forest timber, as found here by the first settlers, was white oak. This is about giving place to the black oak, especially on elevated ridges, or where the land is inclined to be sandy. The venerable white oaks, with diameters from thirty to fifty inches, are, in most instances, surrounded by a crop of sapling black oaks, leaving beneath their shade nothing to perpetuate their kind.

If we are not mistaken in our judgment, the cause of this is not very hard to define. It is a matter well understood, by those who have given any attention to the subject, that there is, in every portion of the earth, certain elements or principles, which go into the composition of vegetable matter. That any particular species of vegetable will sooner or later consume out of the earth that which is peculiar to its nature, after which that particular kind will not prosper until the principle which nourishes it is reproduced, either by resting the land, or by special manuring.

Some vegetables exhaust from the soil their peculiar food more rapidly than others. Flax, for instance. It used to be said by old farmers, that a piece of ground that had borne a crop of flax would not bear another for seven years.

It is on this principle that the rotation in crops is predicated; a doctrine, for the knowledge of which we are indebted to our experimental farmers, and to book reading. This principle, of the rotation in crops, is probably as well understood, at this time, as anything connected with the science of agriculture. And this is the principle, no doubt, which explains why it is that the white oak is leaving our forests and giving place to the black oak timber. It has been so long the undisputed tenant of our woods, that, having exhausted from the soil that aliment upon which it lives, it retires, in the order of Providence, to give place to a successor whose special food yet remains in rich abundance in the earth.

Every farmer who has attentively observed the progress of vegetation in his own lane and yard, must have noticed the operation of this principle. The order of our grounds is something like this—the first occupant was the smart weed—then the dog fennel, and now the yarrow is coming. As soon as the aliment was extracted that nourished each particular kind, it died for the want of something to live on, and was succeeded by another species, and perhaps mere accident determined the successor.

Since our attention has been directed to this transition in the forest, we have made the subject a matter of inquiry, when favored with the company of men who would be likely to notice things of this kind.

Having been referred, with reference to this matter, to Joshua Coperthwaite, of Medford, N. J., where they have timber lands which have frequently been cut off for the supply of wood to the Philadelphia market, we wrote to that gentleman upon the subject, and have received his answer, from which we take the following extract:—"If the pine is cut off the oak will grow, and if the oak is cut off the pine will grow."

At the late State Fair, at Cincinnati, we met with an intelligent fruit grower from Illinois, to whom we mentioned this forest subject, and found that he had noticed this change going on among the trees of the wood. At our request he penciled down and handed us the following statement. He was formerly a resident of Ohio, and his remarks refer to this State:—

"I have long been convinced that two generations of the same kind of forest trees seldom or never succeed each other on the same tract of land. A crop of trees, nearly all of one kind, which last from two to four and sometimes to five centuries, seems to exhaust the soil of that peculiar nutriment which is adapted to that sort, and at the same time prepares it for some other.

"Instances: there is the track of an old tornado, which passed through Delaware county, the north-east corner of Licking, and finally into the south-east part of Knox, which, upon counting the annuals on a number of stumps, I ascertained to have occurred about the year 1740. In the track of this tornado, the timber is essentially different from the older timber on each side of it. Again, most of the west part of Knox county was, thirty years ago, when I first became acquainted with it, covered with a growth of beech, slightly mixed with other timber. That this growth had succeeded an oak forest, was quite plain, from the fact that oak trees of enormous size, in a state of decay, were to be found in every direction."

The foregoing extract is taken from the Agricultural Report of the State of Ohio, a large volume, for which we are indebted to our respected friend, C. Springer, of O., who directed our attention to this subject, which is contained in a letter to E. Harkness, of Muskingum County.

We have noticed, and we have heard many farmers remark, that white oak and maple came up after pines were cut down. We have seen this in the pine forests in the counties of Albany and Oneida in this State, but we have never examined the subject so attentively as to perceive the existence of a certain law in these changes. The subject, we believe, demands further investigation, for it is one of great interest to every class of our citizens. [Scientific American.

Oat Straw. A writer in a June number of the Farm Journal, gives his experience of the injury of oat straw, when fed to milch cows. He states that in the early part of June his cows ate of the oat straw litter, and, although fresh, their milk immediately failed, and was not restored until the cattle were entirely excluded from the straw. This, we believe, accords with the universal opinion among farmers, of the deleterious effects of this straw upon cows in milk; but it is well enough to mention the fact, in order that, through inattention, others may not suffer from negligently allowing their cattle to feed upon it.

[Germantown Telegraph.

Never be idle. If your hands cannot be use fully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind.

WHAT ARE TREES MADE OF.

If we were to take up a handful of soil and examine it under the microscope, we should probably find it to contain a number of fragments of wood, small broken pieces of branches, or leaves, or other parts of the tree. If we could examine it chemically, we should find yet more strikingly that it was nearly the same as wood in its composition. Perhaps, then, it may be said, the young plant obtains its wood from the earth in which it grows. The following experiment will show whether this conjecture is likely to be correct or not. Two hundred pounds of earth were dried in an oven, and afterwards put into a large earthern vessel; the earth was then moistened with rain water, and a willow tree weighing five pounds, was planted therein. During the space of five years, the earth was carefully watered with rain water. The willow grew and flourished, and to prevent the earth being mixed with fresh earth, being blown upon it by winds, it was covered with a metal plate full of very minute holes, which would exclude everything but air from getting access to the earth below it. After growing in the earth for five years, the tree was removed, and on being weighed, was found to have gained one hundred and sixty-four pounds. And this estimate did not include the weight of the leaves or dead branches which in five years, fell from the tree.

Now came the application of the test. Was all this obtained from the earth? It had not sensibly diminished; but in order to make the sentiment conclusive, it was again dried in an oven and put in the balance. Astonishing was the result—the earth weighed only *two ounces* less than it did when the willow was first planted in it! yet the tree had gained *one hundred and sixty four pounds*. Manifestly, then, the wood thus gained in the space of time was *not* obtained from the earth; we are therefore obliged to repeat our question, "Where does the wood come from?" We are left with only two alternatives; the water with which it was refreshed, or the air in which it lived. It can be clearly shown that it was not due to the water: we are consequently unable to resist the perplexing and wonderful conclusion—it was derived from the *air*.

Can it be! Were those great ocean spaces of wood, which are as old as man's introduction into Eden, and wave in their vast and solitary luxuriance over the fertile hills and plains of South America, were all these obtained from the thin air! Were the particles which unite to form our battle ships, Old England's walls of wood, ever borne the world about, not only on wings of air themselves! Was the firm table on which I write, the chair on which I rest, the solid floor on which I dwell, once in a form which I could not as much as lay my finger on or grasp in my hand! Wonderful truth! all this is air. [English Paper.

PRACTICAL HINTS.

Roads. One of the most important improvements after putting up fences, is making of good roads on the farm. As a railroad in some new part of the country developes its resources and brings all sorts of improvements, so a good road to any part of the farm, adds as much to the value of that part as it would remove it nearer to the barnyard. Count up how many times you drive a team to certain field, half a mile from your barn, always loaded one way or the other, perhaps over a hill, at least through one or more mud holes; and you may estimate somewhat the value of this improvement. You suffer inconvenience enough, in one single harvest, in the up-setting or falling off your loaded grain, hindering your work, and making all hands cross, to pay for grading and smoothing half the way. Then think of the many loads of manure, which are, or should be drawn to that field, and how much your team would be relieved, and your work facilitated by a good hard bridge over that brook, instead of sinking your cart into the mud every time you have to pass it.

I might add a word about bars and gates.—There is no surer indication of a snug farmer, than a perpendicular bar post or a well hung gate. I must say, I have a particular antipathy to a dragging gate. I think you will find a few days of labor at odd spells, in repairing roads through the farm, will pay ten per cent. interest.

Dry Walks. Another matter worthy your attention is a dry and clean walk to your barn, and other out buildings. You may think this a small matter but there are few things in which the every day comfort of yourself and family is more concerned, than this. Look at that muddy hole by the gate between the house and barn, which must be waded an hundred times a week, through all the season. The house is painted, and all the buildings and fences are in good style, but whenever you walk about the yards in wet weather, you meet with filth which is in strange contrast with the style of the buildings and which appear all the worse for the contrast. Good taste is always consistent. Nice buildings, pleasant rooms, good carpets, and other handsome furniture are in contradiction to the walks out of doors, which load the boots with clay at every step. If you have no gravel bank or flag stones, make a plank road. [Poughkepsie Telegraph.

Burned Bones for the Pear Tree. The following is from the Horticulturist, and we do not doubt that bone-black is useful for the pear trees, but not for the reasons which the following article supposes. Unless the bone-black be first treated by sulphuric acid, it is insoluble in the soil, and will not yield up its phosphate of lime. A small portion of divided carbon, however, which results from the gelatine, is valuable, from its power to receive ammonia from the atmosphere. Wood charcoal dust for this purpose, would be equally effective, and at a much less cost. The phosphate of lime contained in burned bones, has sufficient silex in combination to undergo partial vitrification, and is thus protected from being decomposed in the soil. The slightest addition of acids, however, disorganizes this mixture and renders it available. We suppose the same facts will probably apply to the native phosphate now found in New Jersey, and at lake Champlain, and that they will only prove valuable when first treated by sulphuric acid, and their value would be materially increased by additions of sulphate of ammonia, as in the manufacture of the Improved Super-phosphate of Lime. [Ed. Working Farmer.

The Bostonians are experimenting with Phillips' Fire Annihilators.

"HASTE MAKES WASTE"

We always feel like preaching a sermon from this text—when we perambulate the market in search of butter. In all the stalls devoted to the sale of this necessary of New England life it is very seldom that a really good article can be found—but there is every variety of poor butter in abundance. Now and then a firkin may be found put up in rather a tolerable shape such as would almost pass current with those who know what good butter is, but it is an exception to the general rule. On the other hand, there are hundreds of tons of butter sold every year in our market at half the price it would bring were a little labor bestowed upon it by housewives in the country. In no article do our farmers so greatly mistake their true, interests as in sending poor butter to market. We tasted a lot yesterday which was offered at ten cents a pound because it was rancid—but which would have brought double that price readily had it been properly cared for when it was made. The process of making butter is simple and easy—and the only difference between good and bad butter, in nine cases out of ten, is just the difference in the labor bestowed in working out the buttermilk. If the butter be thoroughly worked in a cool place, it assumes something of the consistency of wax, and will keep for years without becoming rancid. Yet not one firkin in a hundred sent to market can be cut without the buttermilk following the knife.

The English dairy women understand these things better. They never throw away one half the rightful price of their dairy products in order to spare their elbows. You seldom see any poor butter in English market towns. Not only is all the buttermilk excluded—but the butter receives a very rich and mellow flavor by reason of slightly scalding the milk before it is set away in pans. This process costs very little labor—and, in the warm season particularly, it greatly increases the quantity as well as the quality of the cream. We hope that at no distant period the English mode will be universally adopted in this country. Whenever it is, the profits of our national industry will be greatly enhanced, and the hills and valleys of New England will be converted into almost universal dairy farms. Few branches of industry are more profitable than the dairy, when it is rightly understood.

The remark that applies to butter, applies also to two thirds of the cheese manufactured, and one half at least of the hams cured in this country. We have perambulated the whole market without being able to find a really good American cheese made in the ordinary mode, and have been compelled to purchase a rather poor imitation of English cheese or pay a big price for a "pine apple cheese," made very much in the shape of a wooden nutmeg. Nearly all the good cheese made in this country now, is sent abroad, and the poor remains at home, because foreigners know better than to purchase it. As to bacon, we buy it as we would a ticket in the lottery—about six fears to one hope. Most of the bacon is salted higher than ever Lot's wife was, and a great deal of the salt has "lost its savor" at that. Occasionally we get hold of good leg of bacon properly cured, and we thank our lucky stars for it. It costs no more to cure it properly than improperly—why don't you all do it? [Boston Mail.

A WORD ABOUT JERSEY COWS.

Mr. Editor:—On Saturday last, in company with the trustees of the Massachusetts Society for Promotion of Agriculture, I visited the residence of Mr. C. G. Loring of Beverly.

My attention was particularly arrested by two animals, owned by Mr. Loring, of the Jersey breed—a cow four years old, and a heifer, the offspring of this cow, one year old.

The cow is a beautiful animal, above the medium size, as gentle as a kitten. I was informed by Mr. Loring that she yields more than two pounds of butter a day. The cream from this cow is almost butter itself. That which had stood twenty-four hours was so near like butter that it could be cut with a knife, and would not run from the pitcher. It was yellow, and of the purest quality. The feed of this animal is grass of the pasture, and not exceeding two quarts of meal or grain daily. The heifer is of large size, and one of the most beautiful animals I ever saw. the milking qualities remain to be proved.

I am thus particular in speaking of these animals, because the idea is abroad, that notwithstanding milk of a superior *quality* is obtained from these Jersey animals, that the *quantity* is usually small, and the appearance of the animals inferior. My impressions of the superiority of the milking qualities of these Jersey animals have heretofore been favorable, but never so much so as upon the inspection of Mr. Loring's cattle. If any one is anxious for information on the subject, Mr. Loring will take pleasure in giving it. Without any pretention to superiority of knowledge, I have rarely found a gentleman who se observations were more indicative of good sense and keen discrimination. P.

[Journal of Agriculture.

POISONED WITH STRYCHNINE.

Mr. Seavey:—Early in the spring, about five gun caps full of strychnine was mixed with lard and rubbed upon a piece of refuse meat, and left but a short distance from the barn for the purpose of killing foxes. A valuable cow, belonging to a friend of mine, lapped the meat with her tongue and probably took all the poison into her stomach. It was not very slow in its operation; for in less than fifteen minutes from the time she left the yard, she returned in the most woful plight. All the symptoms that usually attend cases of poisoning, except prostration, were manifested, and we did not waste much time in speculating as to where she might have got the poison, but immediately gave her one quart of very strong cider vinegar, about three quarts of salt water, as strong as salt would make it, and in about thirty minutes more we gave a dose of strong thoroughwort tea. It was not long after these medicines were administered that she began to recover, and one week had not elapsed before she was, apparently, as well as before.

Others are at liberty to think as they may of the medical qualities of salt and vinegar; but I must be allowed to believe that if they had not been given in this case, my friend's cow would not have lived, and if a similar case should occur I should use the same simple remedy.

[Farmer and Artizan.

LAYING DOWN GROUNDS.

There is no better time than August to plow and lay down old grass land, or to reclaim swamps and medows. It requires but a single year to change the most incorrigible land into a productive field, if too much is not undertaken at once, and the right process is adopted. The work is usually attempted with plows too light and teams too weak. In trying to gain a sufficient depth, *one* gets broken and the *other* tired, and then comes the contest of doubts whether it will ever pay to reclaim an old meadow or plow deep and subsoil the upland. Well, this is just as the mason operates, who builds a thin, cheap wall, and finds it tumbling down upon himself, perhaps, before he is fortunate enough to get away from it; or the farmer, who erects a cheap house, and in the course of a twelve-month goes to patching and altering, and subjects himself to an expense much greater than it would have been to do the work thoroughly at first. No. In reclaiming lands, the first care should be to put in plows and teams strong enough to turn a furrow ten or twelve inches deep and cut all small roots, without straining either team or plow. There is no wear and tear of spirit in this, and your good nature will hold out until the last furrow is turned in such an operation. It is cheaper, too, than to haggle with it, fret the team, spoil the furrow, and find the work at length only half done!

When the land is properly plowed, roll it with a heavy roller, spread fine manure freely, and then follow with a light, sharp-toothed harrow, drawn by horses, and urge them to a lively walk. This operation will cut an immense number of roots, and bring the surface into a fine, deep tilth, altogether unlike that effected by a heavy harrow dragged along at a snail's pace by oxen.

There is one point in laying down grounds of sufficient importance to merit a separate paragraph—and that is the *quality* of the manure applied. The smaller the seeds to be sowed the finer should be the manure. It ought to be old, thoroughly decomposed and pulverized; and where such is freely applied and incorporated with the delicate tilth made by the quickly-moved and sharp-toothed harrow, little complaint will ever be heard of grass being winter-killed. In a soil thus prepared, the minute seeds find all things necessary for a quick and healthy germination and rapid growth. The air, light, heat and moisture are admitted in such proportions as the seeds require to give them a sure and early start. Thus by deep plowing, fine manure and thorough cultivation, little or no loss is sustained in seed, while a good crop is quite certain, let the succeeding season be either wet or dry.

Land in corn may be laid down by sowing the seed at the last hoeing and covering it with the hoe or hand rake. We have laid down land in this way with excellent results.

Budding. This month is the suitable time for budding apples, pears, peaches, plums, apricots, &c. High and clean cultivation is as necessary in the nursery as anywhere else. The process of budding is familiar to most persons, and has been fully described in our former volumes. It is simple and easy, and all the boys on the farm should practice it. Select the best kinds of fruit.

[New England Farmer.

FARM WORK FOR AUGUST.

Rye. From the middle of this month to the middle of September, is the best time for sowing winter rye. If you have land of a gravelly, sandy natore, you can sow it with rye and obtain a profitable crop. But don't "rye it to death." Some men think they can take from soil, and return nothing to it with impunity. But it is not so, as "blowing sand" in many such fields, abundantly proves. Sow early as a general rule. Upon "burnt ground" however, you can continue sowing till cold weather sets in. On old ground however, sow early, particularly if the soil be poor. The later you sow, the more seed you must use, and so if the soil be poor. Rich soil requires less seed, as the richness of the soil forces more branches from the seed. If you sow early, thirty-two or forty quarts per acre are about the quantity, but if late, or for spring sowing, from forty to sixty quarts are necessary. If you sow early, the rye will spring up and afford good fall feed for sheep, and with this advantage, aside from the food, cropping the stocks produces strong, well set roots, capable of withstanding the frost of the fall and the spring,—in other words, it will prevent their being *winter killed*, such *killing* being done by the frosts of fall and spring, and not in *winter*, when the roots are perfectly protected by the snow.

Every farmer, who pays proper attention to the health of his family, will *raise rye*. *Wheat flour* bread causes one half of the *dyspeptics* of the country. Rye flour bread is more healthy, and rye and indian bread is more healthy still.

Our forefathers, who raised more rye and less wheat upon their burnt and new grounds, and who greeted as a luxury, the rye "bannock" of the morning, and flanked the large brown loaf and "pot of baked beans" in the commodious oven, with rye and indian "drop cakes," never experienced sleepless nights, or poor appetites. Follow their diet and you will have their health and strength. [Farmer's Monthly Visitor.

A New Mode of Fence Building. Editors of Cultivator:—Being desirous to add my mite for the benefit of my brother farmers, I describe my mode of fence building. In the first place I set a good post, seven feet four inches in length, two feet four inches into the ground, leaving five feet above ground. I then drive a stake beside the post, at sufficient distance to admit a rail, then lay in two rails. I now twist a wire firmly around the post and stake, then put in two more rails, then another wire, completing the fence with two additional rails, making six in all. I take the precaution to sharpen my posts as they take their places more readily when thrown by the frost. I have had this fence standing on my farm for four years, and it proves to be cheap and substantial. My neighbors have also tried it, and found it in all respects satisfactory. A. Bailey. [Albany Cultivator.

A Simple way to Pack Eggs. Seeing frequently in our markets the great trouble many persons go to in packing eggs to bring to town, I would recommend them to try putting them up simply in a basket packed in soft hay closely up to the handle. I have tried this frequently and found it to answer just as well as any other way.

Germantown Telegraph.

MODE OF PRESERVING ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE SUBSTANCES.

This consists in impregnating, saturating, or coating the substance to be preserved with a weak solution of arsenic, alone, or combined with other materials. The solution is obtained by boiling an arsenous acid in water until it is dissolved, and the fluid becomes clear and transparent. The proportion of arsenic to water is one pound to 40 gallons; and care should be taken not to allow the fire to touch the sides of the boiler above the water, which would cause the arsenic to sublimate, and act injuriously on the health of the makers or workmen. The quantity of water evaporated should be replaced by the same quantity of fresh water, in order that the relative proportions above mentioned may be maintained. Or a concentrated solution may be formed by dissolving one pound of arsenic in 5 gallons of water, which can be preserved for any length of time in wooden vessels until required for use, when every 5 gallons must be diluted with 35 gallons of water. The article may either be immersed in or washed over with the solution, and then dried, whereby it will acquire a thin coating of arsnic, which will be imperceptible to the senses, but a sufficient preservation against the ravages of insects, worms, decay and fire. Or it may be impregnated with the solution by exhaustion or pressure. When the solution is required to dry quickly, 6 pounds of alum to 1 pound of arsenic are dissolved in it. To preserve timber from fire, it is to be impregnated with a solution of 1 pound of arsenic, 6 pounds of alum, and 10 pounds of potash, in 40 gallons of water. To preserve timber immersed in water from decay and the ravages of the worm, it is to be painted over with the solution mixed with oil or any suitable tarry matter.

[Farmer and Mechanic.

PLOUGHING AND SEEDING.

I wish you would encourage our agriculturists always to seed their grounds as fast as they plough. The amazing advantages will at once be apparent to the reflecting farmer. To those who will not think on the subject enough to see its importance, I recommend to "try a patch."

It is lamentable to see so many farmers ploughing for a week, and then when the whole field is done, and the weeds and grass seed pretty well germinated, begin to put in their crop.

The moisture and mellowness of the earth, when first turned, create immediate vegetation; delay loses this to the crop, and gives the advantage to the weeds and grass that are in the soil. Only look at it! Agricola.

The above is from the Ohio Cultivator.—Farmers are not as likely here, as there, to have a field that will occupy one week in ploughing. We are over-fond of small patches, and four-acre lots. But the advice of Agricola is good anywhere; and we also advise a trial of "a patch."

[Journal of Agriculture.

Transparent Isinglass Plaster. This is made by spreading a solution of isinglass on the coecum of an ox prepared expressly for that purpose. This membrane is stretched over the surface of a flat deal board, and kept tight by nails at the edges. When the membrane has dried, the solution of isinglass is brushed over with a flat varnishing brush. The coating is allowed to dry spontaneously, and then another is applied. Four or five coats are thus successively laid on, changing the direction of the brush each time, and using a thinner gelatinous solution for the last coat than for those preceeding. When a sufficient thickness of isinglass has been formed, the membrane is turned over on the board, so as to bring the uncoated surface upwards, and a layer coat of drying oil is to be applied on this side.

[Farmer and Mechanic.

An old tree. The Gentleman's Magazine for 1762, contains an account of a chestnut tree, then growing at Tamworth, in Staffordshire. This tree, it is said, was, at that period, probably the oldest, and certainly one of the largest in England, being fifty-two feet in circumference. Its period of raising from the nut, may be fixed at the year 800, in the reign of King Egbert. From that date to the reign of King Stephen, is 335 years, at which time it was fixed on as a boundary or landmark, and called by way of distinction, "The Great Chestnut Tree of Tamworth." From the first year of Stephen (anno 1135) to 1762, is 627 years, so its entire age at that period was 962 years. It bore nuts in 1759, from which young trees were raised. [West. Hort. Review.

Recipe for Making Beer. Take one pint of corn and boil it until it is a little soft, add to it one pint of molasses and one gallon of water; shake them well together, and set it by the fire, and in twenty-four hours the beer will be excellent. When all the beer in the jug is used, just add more molasses and water. The same corn will answer for six months, and the beer will be fit for use in twelve hours, by keeping the jug which contains it warm. In this way the whole ingredients used in making a gallon of beer, will not cost over four cents, and it is better and more wholesome than cider. [Paulding Clarion.

Burnt Bones for the Pear Tree. We can bear testimony to the value of the bone-black of sugar refineries as a special manure for the pear tree. A peck mixed in the soil of a hole three feet in diameter, in which the tree is planted, gives great depth of verdure, and augments both the size and flavor of the fruit. It is probable that the new native phospate now found in New Jersey and Lake Champlain, will be eagerly sought after by pear-cultivators as being the food of pears—*par excellence*.

To Cleanse Jars. Fill them with rather hot water, and stir in a spoonful or so of pearlash, (or caustic potash is better,) pouring off, and repeating if necessary. The adhearing contents will be immediately disengaged. In extreme cases, let the water and pearlash stand a few hours. Rinse the jar with cold water. Vials and other vessels are easily washed this way.

[Germantown Telegraph.

A ten-acre field, costing fifty dollars per acre, and ditched, manured and improved, at fifty dollars more, so as to give double crops, is much more valuable and profitable than twenty acres unimproved, costing the same money.

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

MAINE FARMER.

R. EATON, Proprietor. | E. HOLMES, Editor.

AUGUSTA:

THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 19, 1852.

SELF OPENING GATES.

A neighbor of ours observed to us, the other day, that he had used bars to his barnyard for many years, but had lately put up a gate in its place. This he finds a vast saving of time and labor, and he is so well pleased with this saving that he wishes for more, and has been puzzling his head to contrive a "self opener," and desired us to publish anything we might find relating to such a gate, and to ask his brother farmers, thro' our paper, for any hints on this project. So, brother farmers, if you have any "*kinks*" in your heads, in regard to such a gate, please send them along. Self opening gates may be made, but we doubt if such will be of any great practical utility, because of the amount of machinery that would be necessary to effect the purpose.

A description of such a gate went the rounds of the papers, a year or two ago. We recollect that Mr. S. T. Sanford, of Fall River, Mass., invented one, and we believe applied for a patent. His gate was made on Smith's principle of parallel bars lifting up. There is a platform or roadway on each side of the gate, on which when a person or a team treads, the gate flies open, and when the person, or animal, or carriage passes off the platform, the gate closes of itself.

The gate is made of two leaves of parallel bars, like Smith's, and these two leaves, when the weight comes upon the platform, fold up vertically, and thus make a free passage through the gateway. The platform is connected with levers below, which are acted upon by the platform like scales, and two levers being connected by a rope passing over the inner ends of the bars of the gate, which are shaped like pulleys, are pressed down at their inner ends. This action draws the rope, the parallel bars fly up, and the two leaves are folded. The weight keeps the gate open, while on the platform, and when it is off the bars fall and the gate is shut.

We think our neighbor would find such a gate more curious than really useful. A gate that will fly open when anything approaches it, is no gate at all. Every horse, ox, cow, calf, sheep, or dog, if heavy enough, will, of course, open the gate and pass along,—you might as well take the gate away and avoid the expense of it.

THE RECENT ELECTIONS.

Although many of our readers may take no active part in politics, yet it may be of interest to them to be occasionally "posted up" on political affairs. Elections have recently been held in North Carolina, Missouri, Iowa, Arkansas, and Alabama.

NORTH CAROLINA. In this State, in 51 of the 79 counties, Reid, the democratic candidate, gains 543. The Whigs make a gain of seven in in the House. It is thought that Reid's majority is about 5,000. The Legislature, at last accounts, was a tie on joint ballot.

MISSOURI. Gen. Price, the democratic candidate for Governor, is probably elected. Two whigs and two democrats are reported as elected for Congress.

IOWA. The reports from this State are very contradictory—both parties claiming the victory. We can tell for a certainty next week.

ARKANSAS. Returns thus far indicate the election of a democratic Governor. The Legislature is doubtful.

ALABAMA. Sufficient returns have been received to show that the people vote largely against holding a convention to revise the constitution.

IMPORTANT DECISIONS.

We mentioned, in our last, the fact that the Supreme Court of New Hampshire had decided that the passage of letters between a lady and gentleman, both being unmarried, was equivalent to a promise of marriage. A similar decision has also been made by the Supreme Court of Connecticut. These decisions will have some influence on Uncle Sam's postage receipts in those States, we should suppose, for certainly no "old bach" would be hardy enough to run such a risk. We see that some of the papers are making sport of the decision, and the Bee offers the following remarks and formula for a correspondence:

"As the wise judges of the land have decided that most letters to young ladies may be held as promises of marriage by the dears; and as our young friends, no doubt, are still inclined to "drop a line," if the expense of the thing isn't a whole woman, we submit the following formula for their correspondence, which may become useful in these frightful times:

'My dear Miss ——— ———, I send you the books you desired to read, &c., &c. N. B. No legal inferences to be drawn.'

Be sure and never sign your name, and always write in a disguised hand."

THE PESTS OF THE FARM.

Every one knows that there are pests enough—or, as some old-fashioned people would call them, "*pesterments*" enough on any farm to keep its owner's eyes open at least. C. M. Saxton, of New York, among his rural hand-books, has one with the above title. It is an account of the various depredating animals, bugs, insects, &c. &c., which annoy the farmer, with directions for their destruction.

It is a very interesting little book, and full of description and useful directions. It cannot be expected that in so short a work every thing that annoys the farmer should receive a full description. Indeed, only the principal *pesterments* are described, and these are sufficient to give the farmer a large amount of valuable instruction. Price 25 cents.

BOOTHBAY STEAMER. The Teazer, Capt. Beck, continues her trips to Boothbay every Wednesday and Saturday, and we are happy to learn that she finds good encouragement. It makes it very convenient and agreeable for the people on the Kennebec to reach that place, and a trip there and back, during the dog days, is quite a reviver. The boat is one of the neatest little steamers going, and Capt. B. one of the most obliging and attentive of captains. Success to the Teazer in particular, and Boothbay in general.

WHIG NOMINATIONS IN KENNEBEC. The whigs of Kennebec County held a convention in this city last Thursday, for the purpose of nominating Senators and County Officers. The following nominations were made:

For Senators, I. N. Tucker, Stephen Stark, and Joseph Eaton; County Attorney, R. H. Vose; Clerk, Wm. M. Stratton; Treasurer, Daniel Pike; Register, A. G. Starks; Commissioners, Wellington Huntoon and Moses Taber.

NEW LOCOMOTIVE.

A new locomotive has been put upon the Kennebec & Portland Railroad, called the "Reuel Williams," by way of compliment to the President of the road, to whom the company are indebted for much of the success of the enterprise. It is from the manufactory of Hinkley & Drury, Boston, and equal in finish, style and workmanship, to any they have sent out from their establishment. It was brought up to the Augusta Depot by Mr. Donnell, the Chief Engineer of the road,—a gentleman of tried skill in his business, and faithful in the discharge of the great responsibilities of his station.

By the way, we are sorry to see some insinuations thrown out week before last, by one of our neighbors, against some of the employees upon this road. We have travelled some upon this route, and have never discovered that there was not as much care, prudence, tempefance, and civility practised by all connected with the trains, as you can find on any road.

WEST LINCOLN AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY. The friends of agriculture and horticulture at Lewiston, held a meeting on the 7th inst., and organized the West Lincoln Agricultural and Horticultural society, in part by accepting the charter, adopting a code of by-laws. They also chose a committee to canvass the towns within the limits of their charter. They then adjourned to Saturday, 21st inst., to meet again in Jones' Hall, in Lewiston, at 2 o'clock P. M. Here are good materials, and a good location for a "tip-top" society, and they will have one.

PUT A CANDLE IN YOUR WELL. The account in another column of to-day's paper, of the death of three men who went down a well in Alexander, in this State, reminds us of a very simple experiment to test the condition of air in wells previous to going down them. It is simply to let down a lighted candle or lamp. If it is extinguished, it is safe to infer that the air is foul. If this is caused by carbonic acid gas, a bucket of lime water suspended in it, and stirred up, will absorb it, and render the air pure.

TEMPERANCE MASS MEETING. The temperance gathering at Winthrop Hall last week was large and enthusiastic. There were many eloquent speakers not only from among the citizens of Maine, but from other States also. The following named persons were chosen officers, viz: W. A. Drew, Augusta, President; Hon. W. R. Flint, North Anson, Rev. P. Weaver, Bangor, Rev. C. C. Cone, Bowdoinham, V. C. Henson, Esq., Portland, and S. R. Palmer, Esq., Belfast, Vice Presidents; G. F. Ayer, of Portland, Secretary.

EARLY PEARS. We acknowledge the receipt of fine specimens of early Madeline pears, from James L. Child, Esq., of this city. These pears are ripe from the 25th of July to the middle of August. They are good bearers, and prolific. Some of the specimens were over ripe. We also received, from the same gentleman, specimens of Tomato cherries, so called. These are, probably, a species of the Solanum, but we are not much acquainted with their properties.

CONY FEMALE ACADEMY. An examination of the classes at this institution will take place at the Academy buildings to-day, (Thursday, 19th,) commencing at 9 o'clock A. M. Several prizes will be awarded. We are happy to know that this Academy, now under the charge of Mr. Welch, is in a very flourishing condition.

CONVICTED. We mentioned in our last, that John B. Hall and Wm. Freeman were convicted of breaking into the store of J. W. Cofren, in this city. On Tuesday of last week they were again convicted upon an indictment for breaking into the store of Ai Staples. We believe they have not yet been sentenced.

BLACKBERRIES. We saw a lot of this delicious fruit in the market, last Friday, which sold readily at 12½ cents per quart. These were the first of the season, ripe, large, and nice. We understand that there will be a great abundance of these berries this fall.

BEAUTIFUL BOUQUET. Editors' paths are not strewed with flowers, but we received a beautiful bouquet from a young lady, made from flowers of her own raising, too. May she always be happy, and enjoy a long life, as pure and as sinless and peaceful as the flowers she cultivates.

For the Maine Farmer.

FALLING OFF AND RENEWAL OF THE HAIR.

About a year since M. Stone Jr., of Jay, began to lose his hair, which in a short time all came off. In a few weeks a new growth began to make its appearance, and has continued to grow up to the present time, very much like the hair on the head of an infant. He is 42 years of age—a farmer, and has continued at his labor during all this time. Can any one tell us the cause of the loss of the hair, in this instance, and of the subsequent growth of new hair?

NOTE. This is a very singular case. The cause of it cannot well be given without an intimate knowledge of the health of Mr. S. previous to the occurrence. ED.

Written for the Maine Farmer.

CURE FOR THE BOWEL COMPLAINT.

Having found by experience in my family, the following to be a sure cure for the prevalent, and almost fatal, summer complaint, I feel anxious to make it known for the benefit of the community. Take a pint bottle and put in one quarter of a pound of Epsom Salts, and fill with water; keep it corked tight. For a dose, one tablespoonful of this liquid, to five drops of Paregoric; take once an hour till it operates; to an infant one teaspoonful; diet upon flour gruel, crackers, or rice. E.

CANING A PETER FUNK.

Yesterday afternoon a Peter Funk received a severe blow over the head with a cane in the hands of Mr. William Bush, a recently returned Californian. Mr. Bush, it appears, entered a mock auction store in Chatham street, where the Peter Funk bid off a watch for $20, to pay for which he borrowed the money of Mr. Bush, promising to return it again as soon as he could go to his hotel, Bush in the meantime holding the watch as security for the payment of his money. The two started away together, as Bush supposed to get the money, but soon they brought up in another auction shop in Broadway, where the watch was obtained from Bush, and handed to a third party. The Funk then vamosed and Bush could not get his watch. Sergeant Lynch, of the first ward police, was applied to by Bush to get the money refunded. After a short search Peter was found, but he was no sooner discovered by the indignant Californian than the latter inflicted upon his person a severe castigation with a heavy cane. The officer interfered, and finally took both combatants to the Tombs. [New York Tribune.

And both were served about right. A man who has'nt wit enough to keep out of a New York mock auction shop is hardly fit to go at large, and deserves to lose all the money which the Peter Funks get from him.

EXCURSION POSTPONED. The excursion of the Universalist Sunday School, which was to come off to-day, Thursday, is postponed.

GATHERED NEWS FRAGMENTS, &c.

Drowned. An English girl, named Stevens, was drowned on Tuesday while bathing at the beach in Newport. Two other girls were with her who were nearly exhausted when rescued. The News says this is the first accident of the kind which ever occured there.

Colored People's Convention. A Colored People's Mass Convention, for the State of Ohio, has been summoned to meet at Cleveland on the 8th and 9th of September, to consider measures for the education and elevation of the free colored people, and to choose delegates to a national convention of the free colored race in the United States, which is expected to meet in the approaching autumn, but for what purpose is not stated.

Great fishing. Two sharks, one measuring ten feet two inches, and the other nine feet ten inches, were hooked off the long wharf at New Haven on Saturday afternoon. The joint weight of these monsters was 400 pounds.

Arrest of Gamblers. Four men were arrested in Chicago, Illinois, on the night of the 4th inst, charged with robbing a man of $1400 in a *saloon* in that city. In making this arrest the officers secured a large amount of counterfeit coin, and appearances indicated that these men were connected with an extensive gang.

Sheep killing. Mr. Joseph Dickinson of Amherst, Mass., had nearly his entire flock of sheep killed by dogs, on Tuesday evening, 10th inst. Out of a flock of twenty-three, 21 were killed. Mr. Dickinson estimates his loss at $50. Other persons in that town have lately lost sheep in the same way.

Steamboats on Canals. The Cumberland Journal states that the steam canal boat President has made a successful experiment on the Chesapeake and Ohio canal, demonstrating the practicability of navigating the canal by steam, and at a speed of not less than six miles an hour.

Twenty Horses Burnt. Last week, the stables attached to the Hamilton House, Canada, was destroyed by fire and twenty valuable horses burnt to death, a number of which were destined for the American Market.

The progress of Science. A dog with a wooden leg was recently seen in St. Charles street, New Orleans, getting along quite comfortably.

A Grand Project. It is said that the construction of a carriage road to the top of Mt. Washington is not only feasible, but has actually been proposed for, and ample security offered to complete the same within eighteen months, at a cost which shall not exceed $1500 per mile. When this is accomplished, instead of three thousand, thirty thousand will visit this summit yearly.

Pardoned. Dayton and Sayres, who were convicted and sentenced two years ago for the attempted abduction of seventy slaves in the schooner Pearl, and whose term of imprisonment in the county jail would extend to fifty years, have been pardoned by the President.

Portsmouth and Concord Railroad. The Portsmouth Journal says—"All the rails are now down—the last bridge is nearly completed, and there is little doubt that in the course of the second week in August, that long courtship which has been going on between the seaport and the capital of New Hampshire, will be consummated in iron bands of matrimony."

College Ruined by a Storm. On the afternoon of the 27th ult, Cambridge, Ohio, was visited by a storm of great severity. The large three story College building is a mass of ruins, the roof being blown off, and with it the walls of the third story and most of the second story. The new Methodist Episcopal church was injured to the amount of some $40 or $50.

Town destroyed by Fire. Telegraphic despatches from Memphis to St. Louis, of the 10th inst, state that the town of Helena, Ark., was almost consumed by fire on Monday night. Only two business houses were left. Loss estimated at $100,000.

Cause and Effect of Habit. The Mail mentions that one of the O. F. M's who had been in the habit of getting his nippers quietly and slily out of a black bottle in a wine cellar in Congress street, and leaving his ninepence on the cask, last Sunday took a ride into an adjoining town. Not finding his usual *resort* open, and being thirsty, he went to a neighboring pump, drank through his hand and left a ninepence on the top of the pump.

Starvation in the West Indies. Accounts from the Windward Islands continue to be received, of the state of starvation into which the people of those islands are involved from the long continued drought. Antigua, St. Kitts, St. Lucia, Anguilla, and Curacoa, are represented as particularly destitute and distressed. In Anguilla, the drought which had prevailed for seven months.

Lost his savor. Peter Salt, a resident of Warren county, Ohio, was ridden on a rail recently by his neighbors for shamefully abusing his wife. We have no sympathy for him.

Interesting to all drinkers. A criminal method of giving ale its proper character in regard to flavor, is said to be due to *strychnine*, a horrible poison. The matter should be investigated by the municipal authorities.

A Revolutionary Female. A girl, called M'lle Angeline, is now exhibiting in Paris, who possesses the power of turning about on one leg for an almost incredibly long space of time—on one occasion performing three hundred evolutions in a minute!

The rising generation. A parson preaching on the depravity of the age said that little children who could neither speak nor walk, were to be seen running about the streets cursing and swearing.

A historical reminiscence. A western orator, last Fourth July, thus commenced his oration: *Fellow Citizens—Seventeen hundred and seveney-six years ago*, General Washington, whom I wear in my button hole, died!"

Frogs. The Milwaukie Wisconsin of the 28th, says that the streets and sidewalks of that city were covered with frogs of an inch and a half in length, and raises the inquiry, Where did they come from?

New Minister to England. Hon. Joseph R. Ingersoll, of Pennsylvania, has been nominated as Minister to England, vice Hon. Abbott Lawrence, resigned.

Letter delivery in England. Before the penny postage in England, the number of letter delivered *weekly* was less than half a million. Now the delivery is one million *daily*.

Liberia. According to the Missionary Magazine, there are 300,000 inhabitants in Liberia, only 70,000 of whom, however, are put down as civilized. There are 2,000 members of Christian churches. Funds have been raised in the United States for education to the amount of $50,000.

A new Citizen. Thomas F. Meagher, Esq., the Irish patriot, has declared his intention to become a citizen of the United States, by taking the required oaths.

A hopeless job. An old liquor drinker out west, who had been patronizing one drinking house for the last eight years, gave his reason for joining the Sons, in the presence of several persons. "There," said he, pointing to the saloon, "is a drinking establishment that I have been trying to drink out for these eight years, and finding it impossible, have concluded to withdraw from the field, and try lake Michigan!"

The height of Economy A very economical man in Boston, on Sunday, refused to pay one cent toll for passing over the Western Avenue, and walked *seven* miles through Charlestown and Cambridge to reach his destination, and all to save a *cent*—the wretched miser.

Destruction of Powder. A mob in Cincinnati, a few evenings since, attacked a powder magazine, broke open the door, carried off more than 700 kegs of powder, which they threw into a pond, and did considerable damage to the inside of the building. The powder was worth $4,000. This magazine was believed to be dangerous to the lives of the citizens, and the authorities, though often requested, had neglected to remove it.

A LITERARY BELL ON ITS TRAVELS.

As every one is aware Belles of various delicate and beautiful moulds, with exquisite music in their tongues, but yet with no perceptible shade of brass in their composition—are on their travels at the present fashionable season; but those masculine ringing instruments, which swing in cupolas, do not often take the hint—even when one has slyly told the bell man, and the bell man loudly tolled the bell—and, stepping down from their lofty retreats, set out upon a trip over the country. But we have just heard of an occurrence which is nearly as wonderful as would be a feat of the kind by one of the noisy, brazen, tintinnabulary pilgrims in the case supposed. It appears that a few days since, certain re-*bell*-ious students of Waterville College, made an unceremonious night call upon the venerable Mr. Bell, who had so long sat upon his throne—perched on the very summit of that institution—or more correctly, so much of it as may be embraced in the bricks and mortar composing the edifice—in other words, unshipped or took down from its fastenings, the old college bell, boxed it up and sent it to the students of Bowdoin, with their complemints—that is enclosing in the box a card with the words, "From the students of Waterville, to those of Bowdoin—please exchange." President Woods of the latter Institution, being notified of the arrival of the box, had it opened at once, and not noticing the card, concluded that some benevolent gentleman, who was desirous of having his good deeds kept from the knowledge of the world, had made a present of a new bell to his Alma Mater. The venerable Prœes was, of course, highly gratified, and was on the point of laying the matter before the corporation, have the bell swung at once, and some public acknowledgment made to the unknown benefactor, when a trifling incident prevented. It seems that the Bowdoin students got hold of the card, if not the bell—and very soon getting wind of the place where the brazen-faced visitor—the now tongue-tied old sleep waker and dinner reminder from Waterville—had taken his lodgings—broke pell mell into his quarters, and "hustled him out." Immediately clapping Mr. Bell into another box—and telling him to hold his tongue—they send him to Cambridge, addressed "to the students of Harvard."—Whether he received fair treatment during his brief sojourn there, as he arrived during the vacation, we are unable to say—but he was soon boxed up again and sent to Yale College, where he arrived in good condition a day or two since. We have no account of the ceremonies of his reception there, but it is supposed that Mr. Bell was immediately boxed and packed off to Dartmouth College, and that from that place, he will take a pilgrimage to all the literary institutions in the Middle and Western States. Being an old customer of most of the railroads, he probably has a free pass on every line, though, like Peter Rugg asking the road to Boston, and never finding it, it may never chance to find the way back to Waterville again. [Lowell Courier.

FATAL ACCIDENT. In Limington, on the 6th inst., Mr. Rufus Meserve, an esteemed citizen of that town, came to his death in a very sudden and sad manner. It appears that he had been a short distance from home with his team, and on returning, by some mishap, he was thrown down, when one of the wheels passed over his head crushing it in a most horrible manner—causing death instantly.

The deceased bears the reputation of having been a very peaceable, industrious and highly respectable townsman. He had attained the age of 60 years. A wife and four children are left to mourn his untimely death. [Eastern Journal.

THREE PERSONS KILLED WHILE IN A FOUL WELL. Messrs. J. S. Phillips, Joel Gooch and Mr. Henderson, of Alexander, Me., were killed on Wednesday, of last week, by descending a foul well.

The former, in order to cleanse his well, descended for that purpose, and while doing so, became insensible from the effect of impure air. On being called, no answer was received.

Mr. Joel Gooch then descended the well to assist him, but he also fell a victim.

Mr. Henderson then went down to make fast a rope to Joel Gooch, and when about half way up became exausted, and fell into the well dead.

Mr. John Gooch then went to their assistance, and barely escaped with his life, without effecting any good.

The bodies were extricated by means of a pole being hooked to their clothes.

YORK AND CUMBERLAND RAILROAD COMPANY. The annual meeting of the stock holders of the York and Cumberland Railroad, was held at the hall over the company's office near the depot in Portland, yesterday. The attendance of the stockholders was unusually large. The stock represented was 3,046 shares. The following directors were elected:

John A. Poor, C. Q. Clapp, L. N. Woodbury of Portland; Levi Morrill and Geo. Warren of Westbrook; Josiah Pierce of Gorham; Rufus McIntyre of Parsonsfield; N. J. Miller of Hollis; Geo. W. Came of Alfred; Austin G. Fitch of Sandford; F. A. Ward of Lebanon; Geo. W. Bashidge of Great Falls; and Timothy Farrar of Buxton. [Portland Advertiser, 11th.

THE NEXT WORLD'S FAIR. The "Association for the exhibition of the industry of all nations," has given notice by circular, of the opening of the exhibition in the city of New York, on the 2d day of May, 1853. The municipal authorities have granted them the use of Reservoir Square, and they are about to erect a building worthy of the purpose which calls it into existence. Arrangements have been made with Charles Buschek, Esq., late Commissioner of the Austrian Empire at the Industrial Exhibition of London, whose skill, experience, and high character, offer the most satisfactory security to contributors from abroad. Mr. Buschek is the authorized agent of the Association for foreign countries.

Communications are to be addressed to "The Secretary of the Association for the Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations, New York."

TROUT IN LAKE ERIE. Mr. Andrews, of Dunkirk, N. Y., recently succeeded in catching salmon trout in Lake Erie, where it was not known that they existed. Several unsuccessful attempts were made at different depths of water, and in different ways, but at length the true way was found, and that by turning out some thirteen miles from shore, and dropping nets to the depth of nearly or quite 100 feet, and thus letting them remain for some hours, the fish could be secured. Mr. Andrews took at one haul over fifteen hundred pounds of trout and whitefish. In this lot were thirty-three trout, weighing about thirty pounds each.

PAINE'S PATENT CARS. Paine's new method of ventilating railroad cars, bids fair to come into general use. A number of cars thus improved, are running on the New York and New Haven and the New Haven and Springfield Railroads. Others are being altered as rapidly as circumstances will permit. The improvement is an effectual one, and greatly alleviates the sore annoyance from dust heretofore experienced by all railroad travelers. [Journal of Commerce.

HANDSOME DONATION. We learn that Messrs. G. F. & J. Patten have purchased the library of the late Gov. King, at an expense of $400, with the intention of presenting it to the Patten Library of this city.

A great many rare and excellent books were comprised in Gov. King's collection besides files of newspapers extending as far back as 1801, which must prove a valuable addition to the Library. [Bath Tribune.

HORRIBLE TRAGEDY AT DARIEN, GEO.—MURDER AND SUMMARY PUNISHMENT.

A friend has shown us a private letter from Darien, Geo., dated on the 29th of July, which contains the details of a dreadful tragedy recently enacted at that place. We are permitted to copy the following particulars:

There were five negroes—four men and one woman—hung in this place on the 26th, without waiting for the forms of law—the first instance of the kind that ever occurred here. These negroes murdered their master, James Houston, a planter, upon an island about three miles from the main land, six weeks ago. Mr. Houston was a young unmarried man, of one of the best families in the State, and was the only white person on the island where he resided. On the day of the murder, he had one of the women whipped for misconduct. About dark he laid down to sleep. The men took this opportunity, and seized him, stripped him, tied his hands behind him, and fastened him to a tree, with a chain about his neck—the woman holding a light during the whole time. They then, with a cowskin, inflicted upon him a hundred lashes, he begging for his life, and the woman crying out to them, "give him more," while seven other women, belonging to the same plantation, were on their knees pleading for his life. They also beat him with a paddle, cutting his head and face dreadfully. Exhausted by their exertions, they left their victim for several hours in this condition. At midnight, they returned to their murderous work, and finished him with three blows of an axe upon the head. They then buried him in a marsh, turning his boat bottom side up, and setting his hat floating down the river, to create an impression that he was drowned; and such, for several days, was supposed to be the case.

Suspicion at length being excited that all was not right, inquiries were made, and the truth elicited. The five negroes were arrested, brought to town, committed to jail, and a meeting of the citizens called. There could be no action in the case by the regular courts until the last of November; and as the negroes in this county are about 20 to one white person, there was no knowing what effect the murder might have upon their minds before legal action could be had. It was therefore decided to be necessary that something should be done at once. After several meetings, at which the matter was deliberately considered, it was finally, on Saturday last, a majority of the voters of the county being present, decided—by a vote of 90 to 3—that the culprits be immediately tried. A jury was selected—the names of all present being put in a hat, and 12 drawn therefrom for that purpose.

The trial proceeded, and the negroes were found guilty and sentenced to be hung on the 26th—which sentence was fully carried into effect, as above stated. Each one of the culprits confessed his guilt. [Traveller.

HORRIBLE ACCIDENT.

Mr. Jeptha Baldwin, an old and respectable citizen of Orange, formerly a member of the Legislature, and for many years a director in the State Bank of this city, was instantaneously killed this morning at the Market street Depot by the 8 1-2 A.M. train coming in from New York. He had been to the meadows with two horses and a wagon to take his men, and was returning. He probably did not hear the cars, and attempted to drive across the track in an oblique direction, as the train had approached very near him. Seeing the engine, he attempted to turn his horses, but in a moment the wagon was caught by the cowcatcher, one of the horses being thrown down, and the other running before the locomotive.

When entering the depot the wagon upset, throwing Mr. Baldwin upon the cowcatcher, from which he rolled under the wheels, those of the engine passing over him, breaking one leg and mangling his whole body, so that he was probably instantly killed. The wagon was completely shattered. One of the horses had a fore fetlock broken and the other was frightfully cut, so that both must be killed. Mr. Baldwin's remains were extricated and carried into the depot, and several members of his family and relatives, who are among our most respected citizens, were sent for.

A most affecting incident occurred in connection with the tragedy. A son of Mr. Baldwin, who was in the vicinity, was attracted to the spot by the appearance of the crowd, and upon enquiring the cause, he was appalled and bewildered by the startling announcement of his father's sad fate, from a grandson of the deceased, who was also accidentally in the vicinity.

Mr. Baldwin has been deaf for some time, which probably prevented his hearing the sound of the bell, which was ringing, and the alarms of the persons around him, and we understand he was looking towards the Depot, or something beyond it, so that he was not aware of the approach of the engine coming from the opposite direction—till it was upon him.

[Newark, N.J. Dai. Adv. 11th.

A BOLD LADY. A letter from Niagara says—"I heard from one of the guides, that a young English lady had a narrow escape on Friday morning. Perfectly enchanted with the scene, and anxious to possess some memento of her visit, she, assisted by the guide, stepped off the ridge on Goat Island, familiarly known as 'The Hog's Back,' from rock to rock, until she reached the large slab which divides the American sheet of water, and in the crevices of which grew a small tree. From this, gathering a branch, she proceeded on her perilous return journey—the boiling rapids at her feet, within two yards of taking their mad leap, and the spray flying around her. At the second step, the rock being wet and slippery, she fell, but fortunately the water here was shallow, and formed an eddy. The guide stood firm, and she retained her grasp of his hand, and thus escaped with an awful fright, and a thorough baptism in Niagara's stream, obtained, perhaps, nearer the extreme edge of the falls than was ever previously managed without the loss of life. She neither screamed nor fainted when she reached terra firma, but, like a sensible woman, felt thankful for her deliverance, and proud of her trophy, which she had retained all the time."

GREAT HAUL OF BURGLARS. The railroad depot near the residence of Jacob Dean, Esq., in Mansfield, was broken into on Tuesday evening, 10th inst., immediately after the arrival of the last train, and some baggage belonging to Wm. R. Dean taken therefrom. The rogues, five in number, took their line of march for New Bedford, upon the track of the railroad. The baggage taken was missed soon after the persons suspected had been seen to pass in the vicinity of the depot, and Mr. Dean and his son came immediately to Taunton, and called officer E. A. Morse to their assistance. They soon after fell in with the gang at the railroad crossing near the depot in this village, and having enticed them into a shop in the vicinity, secured them all. They were examined on Wednesday in the Police Court, and committed, in default of bonds for $200 each, for trial in September. They gave their names as George Harris, John Wilson, John White, Richard Pope and William Hennessey. [Taunton Gazette.

A "PIZEN SARPINT." On Saturday, July 24th, Mr. H. A. Richmond killed a huge rattlesnake in the neighborhood of Gilead Hill, in the town of Hebron. The stuffed carcass of the monster measured four feet eight inches in length, without the head and neck, which his captor chopped off, from prudential motives. The total length of this formidable serpent, when first measured was five feet and two inches. In thickness he was also enormous, resembling, when stretched out at full length, some large snakes of the tropics instead of a production of old Connecticut. He had fifteen rattles, indicating an age of eighteen years; and his fangs were an inch long. Altogether, he was as ugly looking a customer as a man would want to meet with among the stony hills of Hebron. His weight, alive, must have been some eight or ten pounds. He was coiled for a spring when Mr. Richmond discovered him. [Hartford Times.

FROM SANTA FE. Advices to the 23d of June from Santa Fe reached Independence 21st July. The mail arrived there ten days in advance of its time. The news is of little importance. Business of all kinds was dull—the amount of duties paid by the State of Chihuahua at the port of El Paso upon foreign merchants acting as an almost total prohibition of all kinds of merchandise.

The Indians are more quiet. Numbers of the Camanches and Kiomas are still on the Arkansas rivers, awaiting the fufilment of the treaty stipulations. Maj. Saunderson's command of Rifles was at Pawnee Fork; all well.

AN EXCITING SCENE.

A correspondent of the Boston Post, writes from the Ocean House in Newport, on Monday, as follows:

This usually quiet village was this morning full of excitement, occasioned by an attack of waiters upon the person of E. M. Yerger, Esq., a young planter from the South. On Sunday at dinner, Mr. Yerger was helping some lady friends to a dish, when a waiter attempted to take it from his hands. He very promptly and properly? raised the case-knife which he held, and struck the waiter's face. The waiter was taken from the room and dinner went on as usual. The next morning, Mr. Yerger went to breakfast, and being seated, discovered a movement among the waiters, and having armed himself in anticipation of attack, he prepared for self-defence. He held a pistol in each hand, and as the mob advanced he told them that he would kill the first man who came within five feet. By this threat I believe his life was saved, for none of them dared to overstep the mark. The cry of "Southrons" was immediately made, whereupon Col. Christy, of Kentucky, Lieut. Nelson, of the Navy, Mr. Pollard, of Alabama, and many other friends of Mr. Y. came to the rescue. The mob was kept at bay by Mr. Yerger's pistols until he was surrounded by his friends; he was thus deprived of the use of his arms, and the mob closed upon him. A pistol was wrenched from his right hand, the guard tearing his finger severely. The waiter who got possession of the pistol masd several attempts to fire upon Mr. Y., but was prevented from fear of killing some one of his accomplices. Mr. Yerger was taken from the room by his friends, *vi et armis*, and the waiters were soon expelled by the remaining Southerners. They gathered however in another part of the house, and being in number about a hundred, created great consternation among the ladies. Mr. Yerger was compelled to leave the place by advice of his friends, about fifty of whom accompanied him. Many Southerners are still preparing to leave. Mr. Weaver did all he could to arrest the movement, but being a man of not much decision, he of course failed. I must say that if guests are to be thus treated whilst visiting Newport for their health or pleasure, it would be wise for them to remain at home. I understand the mob have threatened the lives of Col. Christy and Lieut. Nelson, who were warm personal friends of Mr. Y., and stood by him in the midst of the difficulty. Several waiters were knocked down whilst attempting to follow Mr. Yerger to his own room. Altogether we have had an exciting time—truly disgraceful and outrageous upon the feelings of the visitors.

SAM PATCH OUTDONE. The Buffalo Advertiser says that a very remarkable occurrence took place recently, at the Falls. Mr. C. E. Shaw, who resides in the village, has a bull terrier dog called Dick, a surly, quarrelsome animal, constantly in trouble himself, and entailing annoyance on his owner by his readiness to "fall out" with every other dog he happened to "fall in" with. Mr. Shaw determined to get rid of his ill-tempered dependant, and on Tuesday morning bound him with a rope, tying his feet and head together, and threw him into the river above the Falls. On went poor Dick at a "lightning express train" speed, toward the terrible precipice, and away went his executioner to smoke a friendly pipe with a neighbor, and endeavor to forget the fate of his animal. Upon his return home about two hours afterwards, his astonishment was great to behold Dick, alive but much exhausted, awaiting his arrival. He had made the fearful journey in safety—the rope which had bound him had been broken—and he had made his way to his old quarters in the space of an hour and a half! There is no question but the dog went over the Falls, as he was seen close to brink. Mr. Shaw declares his intention never to part with Dick until he dies a natural death, and he hopes that his temper may have been improved by his involuntary trip over the Falls of Niagara.

INTERNATIONAL EXCHANGES. The following extract from the Paris correspondence of the National Intelligencer, will be read with interest by the friends of Mr. Vattemare:

"M. Vattemare has returned to Paris, after a visit of some three or four months to Belgium and Holland, in prosecution of his work as author and agent of the system of international literary and scientific exchanges. He reports himself as highly satisfied with the result of his labors in those countries. Governments and people received him with favor, and entered with spirit into his views. He has collected, he says, for the United States some four or five thousand volumes in Belgium, and as many in Holland. He was graciously received, and presented with valuable donations from both sovereigns, to be given by him to the United States. He is preparing now to have an exhibition in Paris, before forwarding to the United States the fruits of his recent visit to the North. He reports, too, that the American library, about to be established at the place de la Bourse out of the fruits of the system, is progressing satisfactorily. The apartment destined for its reception is nearly ready."

It is further stated, that Mr. Vattemare can probably supply duplicate copies of many of the works lost by the burning of the Congressional Library, as soon as he receives a list of the books destroyed.

HOOSAC TUNNEL BORER. We learn that the Hoosac Tunnel Borer was put in operation for the first time on Friday, 6th inst. The point where it commenced work was a slant of the hill, and only a portion of the main wheel had a bearing on the rock. Notwithstanding this disadvantage, however, the borer worked admirably, and cut in eight inches in less than an hour. Some few changes in the machinery have been made since, and it is now at work gradually cutting away, so that the whole face of the rock may be presented to the cutters. Until this is done, the machine cannot work effectively, as it cannot have that bearing against the rock which it is intended to have. The experiment may be considered highly successful, and the inhabitants in the vicinity of the mountain are very much pleased with the result. It is probable that another machine will be ordered for the other side of the mountain. [Traveller.

THE SHIP SOVEREIGN OF THE SEAS. The New York Journal gives the following notice of the sailing of this splendid ship, which left that port on Wednesday morning, under the command of Capt. L. McKay, for San Francisco. The Journal says:

She has the largest cargo ever despatched from this port, amounting to about 2950 tons of assorted merchandise; exclusive of stores for a year's voyage; and also probably, with a larger freight-list than ever before cleared from the country by one vessel. She carries a crew, including officers, of 103 men and boys, exclusive of the master, consisting of 4 mates, 2 boatswains, 2 carpenters, 3 stewards, 2 cooks, 80 able bodied seamen before the mast, and 10 boys. This fine ship was built by Mr. Donald McKay, of Boston; and notwithstanding her large tonnage, was loaded and despatched by her agents, Messrs. Grinnell, Minturn & Co., in 30 working days. She leaves with a draft of 21 feet of water.

A BOY SAVED FROM DROWNING BY A DOG. An interesting scene occurred on Sunday at Hoboken. A boy about ten years of age, while playing on the bank of the river, fell in, and the current being very powerful, he was carried along with great rapidity. Of those who saw him fall in, not one would risk his life in an attempt to save him. When all hopes appeared to be lost, a large Newfoundland dog named Rolla, belonging to Mr. Adams, of No. 66 Courtland street, leaped into the river, and seizing the boy by the collar, held his head above the water until he brought him safe to the shore. The dog, it is said, had to swim a distance of two miles before he could get a landing, and was then so tired that he sank exhausted on the sand.

[N. Y. Evening Post.

ARREST OF COUNTERFEITERS.—*Philadelphia*, Aug. 11. A nest of counterfeiters about 15 miles from Danville, was broken up on Monday, by a detachment of police from this city. A Dr. Gettner was shot and wounded while attempting to make his escape. He was afterwards arrested and lodged in jail; the others escaped. The whole of the counterfeiting apparatus was secured, with 300 counterfeit $2's on the Harrisburg bank and other banks. Several plates were also captured, one of which was on the Rhode Island Bank.

LATEST NEWS FROM CALIFORNIA.

The steamship Daniel Webster arrived at New Orleans on Friday evening last, bringing dates from San Francisco to July 16.

Crime throughout California was on the increase. A number of fights and murders had taken place in Shasta, Calaveras and El Dorado counties, the authors of which, however, were promptly punished by the citizens.

The reports from the mines were not very favorable, but large yields were anticipated as soon as the rains commenced.

The first overland emigration of the season reached San Francisco on the 3d of July.

A party of twenty young men from Ohio made the trip in 72 days. The immigration during the season, it was expected, would be large.

The troubles with the Chinese population were not yet settled, and those on Bear river had been driven off by the Indians.

Capt. Lord, of steamer Diana, was accidentally killed on 10th inst.

The general health of California was good. The crops were producing an astonishing yield.

A court-martial was about to assemble at San Diego, for the trial of the murderer of Colonel Craig.

The markets at San Francisco were all in a healthy state, with a fair business doing.

The steamship Illinois arrived at New York on Saturday morning with the mails and $2,000,000 in gold, and 310 passengers. Her news is of the same date as that by the Daniel Webster. The Northern Light arrived at New York on Sunday morning with two days later news. We condense from the Boston Journal.

The troubles between the American and foreign miners had become quite serious, and the foreigners have been ordered to leave the diggings.

The Illinois brings a report of the loss of the packet ship Staffordshire of Boston, bound to California. The report is somewhat doubted. It is said that she was wrecked on the Islands of Santa Maria, off the coast of Chili. She had over 300 passengers, all of whom escaped, except one.

Signora Biscaccianti was giving concerts in San Francisco with great success. The New Orleans Serenaders were also performing at the same place, and the Alleghanians were at Marysville.

The barley crop in Sacramento Valley is nearly all harvested. The yield is said to be very heavy, and the grain of superior quality.

Indian difficulties continue to multiply on the frontiers. On King's River (near San Joaquin) the savages were gathering in strong force, threatening to extirpate the white settlers there. Volunteers were raising to oppose them. About thirty miles from Tahama, a desperate fight with the Indians had taken place on the 12th. Eleven savages were killed, and one American. The name of the latter was Amos E. Fry of Missouri.

The sum of $3404 has been collected in San Francisco, in aid of the Washington National Monument.

Sonora is rapidly rising from the ashes. One whole street is rebuilt on both sides, and in a much superior manner to the old town. Adams & Co., have completed a fine building, with a capacious and well secured vault.

The Northern Light brings two days later intelligence from San Francisco, from which we learn that through the intercession of Mr. Dillon, the French Consul, amicable relations had been restored between the Americans and foreigners in the district of Mariposa, and all parties had returned, and were quietly pursuing their business at the mines.

A rumor prevailed at Sacramento on the 16th, that Georgetown had been destroyed by fire. The report requires confirmation.

FROM OREGON. We have dates from Oregon to July 10. An extra session of the Legislature has been convened to consider subjects connected with the interests of the territory. No news of importance.

Major Moses J. Barnard, formerly of Philadelphia, died at Oregon City on the 4th of July. He served with distinction in the Mexican war, under General Scott.

FROM THE ISTHMUS. Panama papers contain accounts of great mortality among the U. S. troops. A large number have sickened and died. The families of many of the soldiers now on the Isthmus are in great destitution.

Col. Wood and Joseph Dyer, well known merchants of Aspinwall, killed each other in a street fight. One was shot through the head, and the other through the heart.

DEATHS. In Sonora, July 1, of dysentery, O. L. Bliss of Groton, Mass., aged 40 years.

In Marysville, July 3, Sydney A., son of Horatio and Betsey Cross, lately of Maine, aged 6 years.

In Sacramento, June 28, John Samuel, son of Ira B. Hoyt of Exeter, N. H.

On board the British barque Salem, on her passage from San Juan, May 19, J. W. Patridge of Massachusetts.

In San Francisco, July 3, Charles Purce, New Hampshire, aged 47; H. Cahoon of Massachusetts, 39. June 26—A. A. Caldwell of Vermont, 30; Mary W. Spear of Portland, Me., 20; M. Boyle of Boston, 21.

A NEW CAR-BRAKE.

Houston & Ross, of this place, took out last month a patent for a new car-brake. A railroad conductor remarked to us a few weeks since that it was absolutely impossible to improve upon those already in use on cars. For, said he, they now shut down instantaneously upon all the wheels at once, with all the power possible, and they are sure to stop the cars forthwith, *without something gives way.* "Ay, there's the rub!" "Something does give away" pretty often. That has been one of the great objections to all brakes, heretofore constructed, that if a single connecting rod or chain, pertaining to the brakes "gave way," all the brakes connected with it were rendered entirely useless, and the brakeman lost all power over that car. Now this new brake, belonging to Houston & Ross, is just the thing for such an emergency. Break every connecting rod, on this brake, but one, and the brake connected with that rod will operate upon its wheels with the same force that it would if the other rods were entire. Hence its safety. In any other brake, if a single link or rod is broken, the cars, usually "pulled up" by it, are left to their own free will. Moreover, this brake operates with *equal power* upon all parts, and instantaneously, with perfect ease and simplicity, so that it lasts without repair a long time. One of them has been in use on the N. H. Central Road daily for ten months, and has not had a cent laid out upon it for repairs. It is thought by some brakemen in this vicinity, that it will supersede all other brakes, because of its durability, its immense power, the ease with which it can be operated, and its great security, resulting from its not-giving-out qualities.

[Manchester (N. H.) Mirror.

A CRASH. The flooring of the second story of the new building just erected by S. P. McKenney, Esq., Corn and Flour dealer, on Chestnut Street, in this town, for the storage of Corn and Flour, gave way on Thursday forenoon last, under the heavy pressure of a cargo of corn, which had just been taken in. There was a quantity of corn and flour on the first floor, which in turn gave way carrying the whole into the cellar. There were about 3,000 bushels of corn, on both floors, two thousand of which went thro' into the cellar. Two boys, who were on the second floor stowing away the corn, fell through with it, but wonderfully escaped from the ruins unhurt. The building was considerably damaged by the "break down;" and there may be a slight loss of corn.

[Biddeford Journal, 14th.

REMARKABLE ESCAPE. Gilbert Jacobs, of Springfield township, in this county, was struck by lightning on Wednesday morning last near Tremainsville. The fluid singed the hair of his head considerably, burnt a whisker completely off his cheek, blistered his neck and back, and tore open the lower part of his boot upon one of his feet, leaving him apparently dead. There were three men with him at the same time who were more or less shocked; they immediately went to work at their comrade, and with the aid of cold water, and rubbing for about half an hour, revived him. This case shows the necessity of perseverance in the endeavor to recover a person struck by lightning. Had his friends not kept up their endeavors for a long time after further effort seemed vain, he would in all probability never have recovered. [Toledo, O. Republican, 6th.

THE LATEST NEWS FROM EUROPE.

ARRIVAL OF THE AFRICA.

The Cunard Mail Steamer, Africa, arrived at her dock in New York on the 11th inst. She brings 62 passengers and dates from England to July 31.

ENGLAND. Reports from the rural districts give the most satisfactory accounts of the crops generally; though in some places there were rumors that the potatoes were failing. They are not, however, sufficiently general to influence the market.

The election returns for the United Kingdom are all in; but so close is the account that it is impossible to tell whether the Government will be in the majority or minority. It is expected that the new Parliament will assemble about the third week in October.

It is proposed to hold an exhibition of iron works in all branches at Sheffield.

The yacht America met with an accident in running into Plymouth harbor on the 28th. She came in contact with a fishing schr., and getting clear, went aground with an ebb tide, and lay for seven hours. Tackles were run from her masthead to a bridge, to keep her from falling over. It is feared her hull and masts are more or less strained.

In a recent law suit brought by Henry Box Brown the fugitive slave, against the proprietor of the Wolverhampton Herald, for making a severe criticism on the exhibition of a panorama of which Brown is the owner, Brown recovered a verdict of $500 damages.

FRANCE. There is very little news of importance from France, by this arrival.

The Moniteur announces that increased receipts of the Treasury have enabled the Minister to reimburse to the Bank of France 25,000,000f. of the 50,000,000f. loan made by the Bank of France to the Treasury, in 1848. The reimbursement was made on the 26th inst.

Proudhon's new book, "Social Revolution, proved by the *coup d'etat* of Dec. 2d," has been stopped by the Minister of Police. M. Roger's extensive Spinning Mills near Tours, were accidentally destroyed by fire a few nights since. Loss 200,000.

Gen. Gourgard, known in consequence of his attendance upon the Emperor at St. Helena, died on the 23d ult., and was buried on the 28th.

SPAIN. The city of Seville has been assigned by the Spanish Government as the residence of French refugees in Spain.

Accounts from the Philippine Islands say that the Spanish expedition against the island of Mindanor had been completely succesful.

PRUSSIA, RUSSIA AND ITALY. The Prussian Minister has given orders to his Police to be extremely vigilant, and when necessary, to be severe, with all Polish refugees who pass the frontier.

Count de Nesselrode, Premier of Russia, is to be superseded, on account of age and infirmity, by Baron Mayenderff.

Cholera had again broken out in a virulent form in the city of Warsaw. In the city, 40 to 50 cases had occurred within two days.

The Courier of the Arno contradicts the statement that there is to be a customs league for Central Italy.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT. Yesterday morning, about seven o'clock, as the down train of freight and passenger cars on the Hamilton and Eaton railroad were crossing the bridge over Seven mile Creek, at Barnett's Mill, about six miles south of Eaton, the bridge gave way, precipitating the tender, four freight cars, and the baggage car into the stream below. Mr. Degroat of Eaton, the baggage master, was seriously injured, having his legs badly broken, and being otherwise much bruised. For a time his life was despaired of, but at a late hour last night we learned that his physician considered his recovery quite probable. A colored man, acting as brakeman, was badly hurt, so much so that it is thought he will die from his injuries.

Mr. Maynard, the engineer, says that he felt the bridge giving way just as the locomotive got on to it, and immediately applied an increased quantity of steam, thinking thus to quickly draw the whole train over, but which had the effect to get the locomotive over and to throw it off the track, doing it but little injury, instead of dashing it to pieces below the bridge, and drawing the whole train after it. Mr. Maynard was somewhat injured, but not seriously. The cause of the accident is attributed to the improper selection of timber for the stringers and joists, they being poplar and very brittle. The loss to the railroad company will be about $2500.

[Cincinnati Gazette, 7th inst.

MELANCHOLY SUICIDES. Miss Harriette E. Hale, aged 25, destroyed herself by taking laudanum, at Winslow, on the 3d inst. She had always been melancholy, and especially so during the last six months of her life. On Monday, says the Waterville Mail, she went to Waterville and bought a four ounce phial full of laudanum, returned to her home in Winslow, changed her dress for a morning one, and with an umbrella entered the nearest wood. In the centre of the grove she made a neat bed of boughs under some hemlock trees, spread the umbrella over her head, and drinking nearly all the laudanum, corked the phial and put it into her bosom. Her feet were crossed, her arms folded on her breast, and her handkerchief tied under her chin. Such was her situation when found at ten o'clock at night. She was alive and breathing like one in a heavy sleep. Among her manuscripts was this entry, written in 1819; "Thus far my life has been a continual warfare, dark and dreary. No gleam of sunshine has ever fallen across my path, therefore my heart grows dark."

Also, says the Ellsworth Herald, a girl at Bluehill, and Lydia Lynch of Branch Pond, have committed suicide within the past week, the first by incautiously overdosing herself with an unnecessary medicine, and the second by drowning. A companion of the girl Lynch, who it seems was previously intrusted with the secret determination of the suicide, appears to be almost deranged from the remorse occasioned by withholding the fact. [Bangor Mercury.

THE MONTREAL ROBBERY. A man named Thomas Wych was arrested at Brooklyn, by officer Bowyer, of this city, upon a charge of stealing about $2,000 worth of elegant silver plate, from dwelling houses in Montreal, Canada, during the recent conflagration. The prisoner was accordingly taken back, and delivered over to the Canadian authorities, by officer Radford of the Chief's office, who returned last evening, and informed Chief Matsell, that the prisoner Wynch, was at once identified by a merchant in Montreal, as being one of the principal incendiaries, who, in connection with a Canadian soldier, set fire to a livery stable, by throwing lighted lucifer matches in a hay loft. The arrest has therefore proved an unexpectedly important one.

[N. Y. Times.

DEATH FROM THE BITE OF A SNAKE. On Tuesday last, a little girl, aged some eight or nine years, named Livingston, in Bradford township, Penn., died very suddenly from the bite of a snake, as is conjectured. The men were cutting grain, and the little girl was heard to cry in a distant part of the field. No further attention was paid to her for some ten minutes; but when found, she was in convulsions, and the blood oozing from her nose, mouth, &c. After being carried to the house, she revived enough to tell that she had been bitten by a snake, but could give no description of it, and ceased to breathe in about two hours after she was supposed to have received the wound. The bite was on the top of the foot, and supposed to have been inflicted by a *hoop* or *horn* snake. [Clearfield Rep.

EXECUTION OF A LOWELL IMMIGRANT IN CALIFORNIA. We hear that the accounts were received by the last mail from California of a lynching at the mines, in which Mr. Jonathan Pillsbury, formerly employed on the Massachusetts and Appleton in this city, and two others, lost their lives. The three were *charged* with having murdered and robbed a man, and were summarily hung. Mr. P. was on the point of taking the steamer at San Francisco for home, when an officer arrested him, and took him back to the mines. [Lowell Courier.

LIFE IN A POWDER MILL.

Dickens thus describes a visit to the Powder Mill of Hounslow, near London:

"In this silent region, amid whose ninety-seven work places no human voice ever breaks upon the ear, and where, indeed, no human form is seen, except in the isolated house in which his allotted task is performed, there are secreted upwards of two hundred and fifty work people. They are a peculiar race, not of course, by nature, in most cases, but by the habit of years. The circumstances of momentary destruction in which they live, added to the most stringent and necessary regulations, have subdued their minds and feelings to the conditions of their hire. There is seldom any need to enforce these regulations. Some terrible explosion here, or in works of a similar kind elsewhere, leaves a fixed mark in their memories, and acts as a constant warning. Here no shadow of a practical joke, or caper of animal spirits, ever transpires; no witicisms, no oaths, no chaffing, or slang. A laugh is never heard, a smile is never seen. Even the work is carried on by the men with as few words as possible, and these uttered in a low tone. Not that any one fancies that mere sound will awaken the spirit of combustion, or cause an explosion to take place, but that their feelings are always kept subdued.

"If one man wishes to communicate anything to another, or to ask for anything from somebody at a short distance, he must go there; he is never permitted to shout or call. There is a particular reason for this last regulation. Amid all this silence, whenever a shout does occur, everybody knows that some imminent danger is expected the next moment, and all rush away headlong from the direction of the shout. As to running toward it to offer any assistance, as common in all other cases, it is thoroughly understood that none can be afforded. An accident here is immediate and beyond remedy. If the shouting be continued for some time (for a man might be drowning in the river,) that might cause one or two of the boldest to return, but this would be a rare occurrence. It is by no means to be inferred that the men are selfish and insensible to the perils of each other; on the contrary they have the greatest consideration for each other, as well as for their employers, and think of the danger to the lives of others, and of the property at stake at all times, and more especially in all the more dangerous "houses." The proprietors of the various gunpowder mills all display the same consideration for each other, and whenever any improvement tending to lessen danger is discovered by one, it is immediately communicated to all the others. The wages of the men are good, and the hours very short; no artificial lights are ever used in the works. They all wash themselves—black, white and bronze—and leave the mills at half past three in the afternoon, winter and summer."

FATAL ACCIDENT. A letter dated Ellsworth, Me., Aug. 8, in the Boston Journal, says:

"A sad accident, the result of reckless driving, occurred here to-day. Almira Townsend, 18 years of age, daughter of Mr. Jacob Townsend, while returning home from meeting, was knocked down by a horse, driven by a young man named Jefferson Fries, and so seriously injured, that she lived but about 20 minutes. The accident occurred at Reed's Brook, about five miles from the centre of the town. Fries had been stopped but a short time before, and told that if he persisted in such furious driving, he would kill some one, but he replied that he did not care if he did kill anybody. The girl had turned to look behind her, and just as Fries approached, he applied the whip to the horse, which caused the animal to sheer suddenly, and produced the melancholy result. The shaft struck her in the stomach, throwing her under the wheels, and her head was badly bruised. Fries was apprehended and conveyed to jail."

A "DROPPER" NONPLUSSED. A day or two since, a countryman, passing through the streets, saw a young man in front of him apparently pick up something from the sidewalk. A moment afterwards, the finder accosted him, stating that he had just picked up a valuable ring, which, as he was in a hurry, he would sell to him cheap, and he might get the reward offered for its recovery. The countryman remarked, in reply, that he was in the habit of reading the newspapers, and was not to be tricked after that fashion, and walked on, leaving the rogue to find some more tractable subject for his "operations." [Traveller.

SINGULAR FUNERAL PROCESSION. A most singular funeral procession passed through South Boston yesterday. In front was a man walking in the middle of the street, carrying under his arm a coffin in which was the corpse of a little child. Directly following these were fourteen men and twelve women, while on the sidewalk walked the father of the child. The procession passed from Second street through Turnpike and Fourth streets to the Old Catholic Burying Ground, where the corpse was deposited, and the mourners then dispersed. A procession of this kind we think was never seen in our city before.

[Traveller, 12th. inst.

THE NEW MILFORD MURDER CASE. Howes, the young man who attempted to kill Miss Buck, the schoolmistress at New Milford, Ct., last week, has since his imprisonment maintained an obstinate silence, and refused to take any food, apparently intending to starve himself. The Bridgeport Standard says that he is about 21 years of age, and had previously borne a good character. He now gives evidence of insanity. Miss Buck it is thought will survive.

DARING HIGHWAY ROBBERY! About 9 o'clock last night, as Mr. Joseph H. Tuttle, of Acton, was passing on the road between Chelmsford and Acton, when near "Baptist Pond," in Chelmsford, he was attacked by two men—one of whom seized the horse's bridle, while the other presented a pistol and demanded his money. Mr. Tuttle then delivered up his wallet, containing $90, and was thereupon suffered to depart. Mr. Tuttle is a collector for Boston newspapers.

[Lowell Courier.

BASS FISHING. The schooner Hope, of Dennis, arrived at Boston on the 4th inst., with three tons of bass, which were caught at the back side of Cape Cod, on the previous night. One ton of the fish were disposed of in Boston, and the other two tons were forwarded to New York. One man caught with a hook and line seventy fish during the night, weighing between 28 and 70 pounds.

EXTENT OF THE FISHING TRADE. The fishing trade is immense. During the summer months more than 20,000 vessels are constantly engaged in the trade, employing from 250,000 to 300,000 men. The Bay of Chaleur, along the coast of Prince Edward's Island, the Magdalen Islands and Northumberland Straits, are considered the choicest mackerel fishing grounds. Here alone the fleet amounts to 2000 sail, although generally not more than from 200 to 400 vessels sail in company. At night, when the fleet is safely anchored, the lanterns lighted on each vessel and swung upon the shrouds, one may fancy he is looking upon some huge city lying in repose, with its lamps all trimmed and burning.

The bait alone which is ground up and thrown to the fishes to keep them about the vessels, costs $2,000,000 per annum.

[St. Johns (N. B) Times.

OTTO OF ROSES. In a work published some time since, by Mons. de Marles, entitled "Histoire Generale des Indes Ancienne et Moderne," etc., we find the following account of the discovery of this very fragrant extract:

"It is said to have been in Lahore that chance led to the discovery of the essence of rose. The Begum or favorite Sultana of the Emperor Shah-Iehaun, seeking to strengthen his passion by attaching him to herself by delightful sensations, conceived the idea of bathing in a pool of rose-water, and had the reservoir of her garden filled with it. The rays of the sun acting upon this water, the essence which it contained concentrated itself into little particles of oil which floated on the surface of the basin. At first it was thought that this matter was produced by fermentation, and that it was a sign of corruption or fetidity; but as they tried to gather it in order to clean the basin, they perceived that it exhaled a delicious smell. This it was that gave the idea of extracting in future the essence of roses, by a process corresponding with that which nature had employed."

THIRTY-SECOND CONGRESS.

MONDAY, August 9.

SENATE. The chair laid before the Senate the report of the Secretary of the treasury—and a communication from the Secretary of war.

A message was received from the House, announcing Mr. Rantoul's death.

Mr. Sumner pronounced a eulogy, and the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE. Mr. Horace Mann announced the death of Robert Rantoul, Jr., a member of the House from Massachusetts, who died on Saturday night, of erysipelas. Mr. Mann spoke eloquently of the deceased, portraying the many virtues and accomplishments of his late colleague, and summing up as follows: "He was an honest man, the noblest work of God."

In conclusion, he offered a resolution expressing the deep sensibility with which the House has heard of Mr. Rantoul's death, tendering to his family the sympathy entertained for his loss, resolving to wear crape on the left arm for thirty days, and as a further mark of respect that the House adjourn.

Mr. Fowler made a few eloquent remarks on the occasion, and concluded by offering another resolution providing for defraying the expenses of the funeral.

Messrs. McLanahan, Mace and Clark severally bore their tribute of respect to the deceased, and reminded their fellow members to be admonished by this solemn and impressive dispensation, when the House adjourned.

TUESDAY, August 10.

SENATE. Mr. Fish, from the committee on naval affairs, to whom was referred several memorials asking for the establishment of a navy yard and dock on the lake frontier, reported the same back, and asked to be discharged from the further consideration of them.

Mr. Bright reported a bill for the construction of a national arsenal and foundry at the falls of the Ohio river, in connection with a public canal for the use of the army and navy, trade and commerce, and for the supply of water power for manufacturing ordnance and arms for the United States. Also a bill for the relinquishment to the State of Kentucky of the stock held by the United States in the Louisville and Portland canal with a view of making that canal free to navigation and commerce.

Mr. Toucy presented a resolution of the Legislature of Connecticut in favor of adhering to the compromise measures and the execution of the fugitive slave law.

The Indian appropriation bill was taken up, and various amendments were adopted, appropriating over $850,000.

Without disposing of all the amendments, the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE. The new judiciary free bill was discussed during the morning hour.

The House went into committee on the general appropriation bill.

An amendment was adopted, appropriating $300,000 for the establishment of a branch mint at San Francisco.

Mr. Gentry offered an amendment proposing to materially raise the salaries of the clerks, &c., in the employ of the government, which was discussed, but not disposed of when the committee rose.

The Speaker laid before the House a message from the President, in reply to a resolution asking what had been done on the subject of the fisheries on the coast of British North America. It gives no information different from that heretofore communicated to the Senate. The message was referred to the committee on foreign affairs. Adjourned.

WEDNESDAY, August 11.

SENATE. Mr. Davis reported back the House bill, known as the river and harbor bill, with sundry amendments.

Mr. Brodhead reported a bill for the relief of the heirs of Herman Blennerhassett, and said that when the bill came up he would ask the indulgence of the Senate to vindicate the truth of history in one or two particulars.

The Indian appropriation bill was then taken up, all the amendments agreed to, and the bill was ordered to be engrossed.

HOUSE. The morning hour was spent in the discussion of the bill regulating the costs and fees of attorneys, marshals and clerks, in the U. S. circuit and district Courts.

Messrs. Brooks and Briggs presented memorials asking the passage of a law protecting lives on steamers; referred to the committee on commerce.

The House went into committee on the general appropriation bill.

THURSDAY, August 12.

SENATE. Mr. Seward presented the petition of the Scandinavian society of New York and vicinity, in favor of the proposition of Mr. Hanson of Brooklyn to establish a line of steamers between Brooklyn and Gluckstad and Halstadt, to carry the mails at a rate of postage of ten cents on single letters.

Nothing of importance was otherwise done, except that Mr. Soule delivered his speech on the fishery question. Adjourned.

HOUSE. The House passed the bill regulating the costs and fees in the circuit and district Courts in the U. S., and then took up the bill declaring the bridges across the Ohio river at Wheeling, Va., and Bridgeport, Ohio, to be lawful structures in their present position and elevation, and further declaring them to be post roads, and that the officers and crews of all vessels and boats are required to regulate the use of their boats and vessels, and of any pipes or chimnies belonging thereto, so as not to interfere with the elevation and construction of these bridges.

No further business of importance was transacted.

FRIDAY, August 13.

SENATE. Very little business was transacted in the Senate. Several private bills were taken up and discussed.

Thomas M. Howe contended that the Wheeling bridge is a serious obstruction to navigation and a public nuisance in its present condition.

HOUSE. In the House, Mr. Olds reported a bill to establish certain post routes, which was immediately passed.

The House resumed the consideration of the bill declaring the Wheeling and Bridgeport bridges legal structures and post routes.

Mr. Gorman, from the military affairs reported a bill to restore the civil for the present military superintendents for national armories at Springfield and Harper's Ferry. It was referred to a committee of the whole on the state of the Union.

The morning hour having expired, on the motion of Mr. Houston, a resolution was adopted to close the debate on the army bill in one hour, and the House then went into committee on that bill.

SATURDAY, August 14.

SENATE. A communication was received from the Postmaster General, stating the amount paid by his department for printing and binding since March 1849. A message was received from the President in reply to the resolution of the Senate calling for all information relative to the difficulty between the American Consul at Acapulco and the Mexican authorities.

Mr. Bright introduced a bill granting land to Illinois and Indiana, for a railroad from Cairo to Springfield.

The Fishery question was then taken up. Mr. Seward warmly defended Mr. Webster and the Executive, showing all alarm to be groundless. No change whatever has taken place from former years, and the whole matter amounts to nothing. The British naval force there is less this year than last.

HOUSE. Mr. Ficklin asked but did not receive consent to introduce a bill to suppress the circulation of small notes in the District of Columbia.

The house resumed the consideration of the bill declaring the Wheeling Bridges lawful structures and post routes.

Thomas M. Howe resumed and concluded his remarks showing the Bridges to be nuisances.

Mr. Milson spoke in defence of the Bridges until the expiration of the morning hour. The army appropriation bill was then taken up.

The House, by a vote of 38 against 106 non concurred in the amendment appropriating $20,000 to test the practicability of employing camels on the Western plains as a substitute in part for horses. The bill was then passed, and the House went into Committee.

ANCIENT GRAIN REVIVED IN AFRICA. Letters received in Paris, from Cheschell, in Africa have announced that the ancient seeds of flour, grain and corn, which was used during the time of the kings of ancient Egypt, the Pharaohs, have been sown in the garden of a farmer and produced several ears, which offered a new species entirely unknown to modern agriculture. It appears that these grains of corn, which have been taken out of a coffin from the pyramids, offer the appearance of a large ear in the centre, around which are six or seven smaller ears, like the branches of a tree. The length of the ear is ten or fifteen centimetres, and its size near the root three or four centimetres. The leaves are bearded and larger, as well as more rough than those of the ordinary corn. Each ear contains from seventy to ninety grains. No doubt this new corn will soon be adopted all over Europe, for it produces three time the number of grains of the other kind of corn. Every grain nearly as big as two of the others.

CAUTION TO BACHELORS. When a Chinese lady is blessed with an increase in her family, from the moment of her accouchment the unhappy husband is put to bed also, and there detained for forty days, and during this delightful penance he is subjected to all the rigorous treatment of his better half. Should medicine be administered to her he must partake of it also, and he is strictly confined to the same diet she is obliged to undergo, which consists, on an average, I believe, of about a thimbleful of cream of rice, administered every three hours, to say nothing of the pill administered at bed time to prevent indigestion.

[Neale's Residence at Siam.

A NEW MACHINE. A machine for painting blinds has been invented by Samuel Fields, a painter of this city. The blinds are first dipped into a tub or long box of paint; they are then affixed to circular pieces of board which run upon a shaft within a large cylinder made of zinc. The blinds are then turned within this cylinder for a few minutes then taken out and brushed over. By this machine one man can paint easily 80 pairs of blinds in a day and not work over ten hours.

[Worcester Transcript.

AUGUSTA PRICES CURRENT,

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

Flour,	4 25 @ 6 75	Round Hogs,	6 50 @ 8 00
Beans,	1 50 @ 2 25	Clear Salt Pork,	11 @ 13
Corn,	73 @ 80	Dried Apples,	7 @ 7½
Oats,	00 @ 40	Cooking do.	35 @ 60
Seed Wheat,	1 25 @ 1 50	Winter do.	1 00 @ 1 25
Rye,	85 @ 90	Potatoes, new,	50 @ 60
Butter,	12 @ 15	Clover Seed,	10 @ 14
Lard,	12 @ 14	Flax Seed,	1 00 @ 1 00
Cheese,	6 @ 8	H. Grass,	2 75 @ 3 25
Mutton,	5 @ 7	Red Top,	75 @ 1 00
Chickens,	8 @ 10	Hay, new,	10 50 @ 12 00
Geese,	6 @ 8	Lime,	92 @ 95
Eggs,	12 @ 13	Fleece Wool	30 @ 35
Corn Meal,	80 @ 85	Pulled do.	32 @ 37
Rye Meal,	87 @ 90	Lambskins,	40 @ 60

BRIGHTON MARKET, August 12.

At Market, 950 Beef Cattle, 275 Stores, 6800 Sheep and Lambs, and 800 Swine.

BEEF CATTLE.—We quote extra, $6 50; first quality $6 25; second, $5 25 @ $5 50; third, $4 00 @ $5 00.

WORKING OXEN.—Sales from $65 to $105.

COWS AND CALVES.—Sales from $20 to $42.

SHEEP.—Sales in small lots from $1 75 to $3 25.

SWINE.—At retail, 6½ @ 8½c.

BOSTON MARKET, August 16.

FLOUR.—Sales of Genesee, Ohio and Michigan, common brands, $4 12½ @ $4 20; fancy brands, $4 50; extra Genesee, $5 00 @ $5 75.

GRAIN.—Sales of yellow flat Corn, 70c; white, 63 @ 64c. Northern Oats, 47c. Rye, 58c per bushel, cash.

HAY.—Eastern Hay, $17 @ $18 ⅌ ton, cash.

Moore's Essence of Life.

Let those who have children afflicted with the Whooping Cough, hear what the clergyman of Littleton, Mass., says in regard to Moore's Essence of Life.

"My child was taken with the Whooping Cough. All thought it must die. I employed a number of Physicians, but all of no avail—they said they could do no more for it. A friend recommended Moore's Essence of Life, prepared by E. E. Hayward. I procured a bottle, and to my great astonishment it grew better, and, under Providence, I am indebted to Moore's Essence of Life, for the preservation of its life."

Be sure and get the genuine, prepared by E. E. HAYWARD, and sold by EBEN FULLER, and CUSHING & BLACK, Augusta; Joseph B. Hall, Presque Isle, Me.; and generally by the Druggists. 6m13

Interesting to the Consumptive.

The following facts are communicated by Wm. Mitchell, of Boston, who has been cured of Consumption by using WILBOR'S COMPOUND OF COD LIVER OIL AND LIME, and wishes to have others similarly afflicted use this preparation before it is too late. He says:

"I had been sick with confirmed Consumption for nearly fifteen months I was advised by my physician to try your Compound of Oil and Lime. I did so; and, after using one bottle, began to perceive it was having a wonderful effect; my cough, which was very severe, had nearly left me; and I am now happy to say that after using it for two months, I am strong and healthy, all unfavorable symptoms having left me."

Be sure and get the genuine, manufactured *only* by ALEX'R B. WILBOR, 156 Court St., Boston.

For sale in Portland by CHARLES A. GILSON, EDWARD MASON, and H. H. HAY; in Bath by A. G. PAGE. 1y24

The many who are now using the BOSTON CHEMICAL WASHING POWDER, and praising its virtues, have not gone a step beyond the truth; indeed, they have not said half that may be said in its favor; every day adds new friends, and the many who use it guarantee its merits. See advertisement.

The American Stomach injured by rapid eating, excitement, and the excessive use of Tobacco, is notoriously a bad stomach. Dyspepsia is the grand National Disease. A National Remedy for it, harmless and successful in its character, must be esteemed a National Blessing. Such a remedy, we have reason to believe, is Dr. Houghton's preparation, made from Rennet, or the Stomach of the Ox, which is advertised in our paper. Look at it. 12t30

Hymeneal.

Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower!
The world was sad!—the garden was a wild!
And man, the hermit, sighed—till woman smiled!

In North Palermo, August 10th, by Wm. C. Carr, Esq., Mr. GEORGE MARDEN to Miss MARY H. BENNER.

In Jay, by M. Stone, Jr., Esq., Mr. SYLVESTER WALKER to Miss EMILY A. PERHAM, both of Wilton.

In Belgrade, Mr. LUTHER R. FAUGHT of Sidney, to Miss MARY J. STAPLES.

In Waterville, ELLIOT WALKER, Esq., of Corinna, to Miss SOPHRONIA B. COFFIN.

In Skowhegan, Mr. JASON L. TAYLOR to Miss EDNA A. BUTTERFIELD, both of Norridgewock.

In Lewiston, Mr. SEWALL N. GOSS to Miss ELMIRA D. CARVILLE; Mr. CYRUS LORD to Miss ANN CARROLL.

In Shirley, Capt. JONATHAN MATTHEWS of Monson, to Mrs. EUNICE SOULE.

In Rockland, Mr. JOHN S. CASE to Miss LUCY C. WHITE; Mr. DAVIS TILSON to Miss MARGARET E. ACHORN; Mr. GEORGE W. GLOVER to Miss PHILENA HARTFORD, both of Camden.

In Albany, N. Y., Dr. A. D. NICHOLS to Miss KATE H. ACHORN, both of Rockland.

In Friendship, Mr. BOYD SIDELINGER of Waldoboro, to Miss NANCY MORSE.

In California, Mr. GEORGE E. DREW of San Francisco, to Miss HARRIET T. HASKELL of Topsham, Me.

Obituary.

Spirit! thy labor is o'er,
Thy term of probation is run,
Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore,
And the race of immortals begun.

At Livermore Falls, MEHITABLE PETTINGILL, wife of Elisha Pettingill, aged 60.

In Hallowell, Capt. EBENEZER HINKLEY, aged 71; FRANKLIN GRANT, youngest son of Samuel C. Grant, Esq., aged 18.

In Winthrop, DAVID McDUFFIE, a pensioner of the war of 1812, aged 76.

In Hollis, URIAH CLARK, aged 62.

In York, PATIENCE GRANT, widow of James Grant, aged 89.

In Thomaston, PATRICK WOODCOCK, one of the early settlers of that town, aged 70.

In Windsor, ELIZABETH TROUANT, daughter of Samuel Trouant, aged 20.

In Clinton, JOHN GOODALE, aged 82.

In Fairfield, THOMAS H. COLCORD, aged 43.

In Readfield, DAVID VINING of Strong, aged 51.

In Gardiner, MICHAEL BURKE.

In Garland, Elder ASA BURNHAM, formerly of Sebec, aged 60. He dropped down dead a few minutes after returning from his mowing field.

In Athens, NANCY A. BAKER, wife of Benj. F. Baker, Esq., of Norridgewock, aged 28

In Lewiston, DANIEL H. WIGGIN, aged 66.

AUGUSTA MARINE LIST.

ARRIVED.

Aug 12,	Schr.	Andrew Jackson, Pierce, Rockland.
		Carlton, Hanks, Portland.
13,		George, Snowman, Georgetown.
		E. Perry, Heath, Westport.
		Henrietta, Stinchfield, New York.
14,		Yucatan, Garland, Portland.
		Consul, Gill, Nantucket.

SAILED.

Aug. 12,	Schr.	Somerset, Perry, Philadelphia.
		Andrew Jackson, Pierce, Rockland.
15,		Henrietta, Stinchfield, New York.
		Carlton, Hanks, Portland.
16,		George, Snowman, Georgetown.
		Odd Fellow, Beals, Boston.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator on the Estate of BENJ. F. ROBBINS, late of Augusta, in the county of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to ENOS CHANDLER.

August 9, 1852. 34

KENNEBEC, SS.—At a Court of Probate, held at Augusta, within and for the County of Kennebec, on the 2d Monday of August, A. D. 1852.

SOLOMON LEONARD, Guardian of Harriet E., Albion K. P., Jane E. and Orra A. Leonard, of Augusta, in said County, minors, having presented his second account of Guardianship of said Wards, for allowance:

ORDERED: That the said Guardian give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Maine Farmer, printed at Augusta, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, in said County, on the 3d Monday of Sept. next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed. D. WILLIAMS, *Judge.*

A true copy. Attest—WM. R. SMITH, *Register.* 34

KENNEBEC, SS.—At a Court of Probate, held at Augusta, within and for the County of Kennebec, on the 2d Monday of August, A. D. 1852.

SARAH NORTON, widow of EZRA C. NORTON, late of China, in said county, deceased, having presented her application for allowance out of the Personal Estate of said deceased:

Ordered, That the said Widow give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Maine Farmer, printed at Augusta, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, in said County, on the 3d Monday of Sept. next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed. D. WILLIAMS, *Judge.*

A true copy. Attest—WM. R. SMITH, *Register.* 33

KENNEBEC, SS.—At a Court of Probate, held at Augusta, within and for the County of Kennebec, on the 2d Monday of August, A. D. 1852.

DEELSA M. MOORE, Widow of JAMES M. MOORE, late of Gardiner, in said county, deceased, having presented her application for allowance out of the personal Estate of said deceased:

ORDERED, That the said Widow give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Maine Farmer, printed at Augusta, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, in said County, on the 3d Monday of Sept. next, at ten of the clock, in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed. D. WILLIAMS, *Judge.*

A true copy. Attest—WM. R. SMITH, *Register.* 33

KENNEBEC, SS.—At a Court of Probate, held at Augusta, within and for the County of Kennebec, on the 2d Monday of August, A. D. 1852.

ASA WILLIAMS, Administrator on the Estate of SETH L. RANDALL, late of Augusta, in said Co., deceased, having presented his account of administration of the Estate of said deceased, for allowance:

ORDERED, That the said Adm'r give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Maine Farmer, printed at Augusta, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, in said County, on the 3d Monday of Sept. next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed. D. WILLIAMS, *Judge.*

A true copy. Attest—WM. R. SMITH, *Register.* 33

At a Court of Probate, held at Augusta, within and for the County of Kennebec, on the 2d Monday of August, A. D. 1852.

WHEREAS, the Commissioners appointed to set out to TAMSON HERSUM, widow of JAMES HERSUM, late of Belgrade, in said county, deceased, her dower in the real estate of which the said James Hersum, died seized, have made return of their doings into the Probate Office in said county:

ORDERED, That notice be given to the heirs at law and all others interested in said estate, by publishing this order three weeks successively in the Maine Farmer, printed in Augusta, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Augusta, on the third Monday of Sept. next, at ten o'clock, forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the report of said Commissioners should not be accepted. D. WILLIAMS, *Judge.*

A true copy. Attest—WM. R. SMITH, *Register.* 33

At a Court of Probate, held at Augusta, within and for the County of Kennebec, on the 2d Monday of August, A. D. 1852.

WHEREAS, the Commissioners appointed to set out to JUDITH AUSTIN, widow of MOSES AUSTIN, late of Belgrade, in said County, deceased, her dower in the real estate of which the said Moses Austin died seized, have made return of their doings into the Probate Office, in said County:

ORDERED, That notice be given to the heirs at law and all others interested in said estate, by publishing this order three weeks successively in the Maine Farmer, printed in Augusta, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Augusta, on the 3d Monday of Sept. next, at ten o'clock, forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the report of said Commissioners should not be accepted. D. WILLIAMS, *Judge.*

A true copy. Attest—WM. R. SMITH, *Register.* 33

CAUTION!

THE undersigned having lost a note of hand for $37, dated at Augusta, August 6, 1852, to be paid in work of G. PHILLIPS, at his shop, on demand, after reasonable notice to manufacture it, if such work was not on hand when ordered—this is to caution all persons against purchasing said note, and to caution the signers of the same against paying the note to any one but me, as it is my property. The words "or bearer" are interlined in said note. N. MEIGS.

Vassalboro', August 10, 1852. 33

KENNEBEC CO. AG. SOCIETY.

THE Semi Annual Meeting of the Kennebec County Agricultural Society, will be holden at the MANSION HOUSE, Kennebec Cross Roads, on the first Monday of September, at 1 o'clock P. M.

As the place of holding the coming Cattle Show and Fair will be decided upon at this meeting, and the arrangements for the same are to be made, it is important that there should be a full attendance.

Readfield, Aug. 10, 1852. E. O. BEAN, Sec'y.

The Muse.

PICTURES FROM MEMORY.

BY MISS ALICE CAREY.

Among the beautiful pictures
  That hang on Memory's wall
Is one of a dim old forest,
  That seemeth the best of all.
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
  Dark with the mistletoe,
Not for the violets golden,
  That sprinkle the vale below;
Not for milk-white lilies,
  That lean from the fragrant hedge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
  And stealing their golden edge;
Not for the vines on the upland,
  Where the bright red berries rest,
Nor the pinks, nor the pale sweet cowslip,
  It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother,
  With eyes that were dark and deep—
In the lap of that old dim forest,
  He lieth in peace asleep:
Light as the down of the thistle,
  Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there, the beautiful summers,
  The summers of "long ago;"
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
  And, one of the autumn eves,
I made for my little brother
  A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded
  My neck in a meek embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
  Silently covered his face.
And when the arrows of sunset
  Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
He fell in his saint-like beauty,
  Asleep by the gates of light.
Therefore, of all the pictures
  That hang on Memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
  Seemeth the best of all.

LOVE.

Oh! if there is one law above the rest,
Written in Wisdom—if there is a word
That I would trace as with a pen of fire
Upon the unsullied temper of a child—
If there is anything that keeps the mind
Open to angel visits, and repels
The ministry of ill—*'tis Human Love!*
God has made nothing worthy of contempt.
The smallest pebble in the well of Truth
Has its peculiar meanings, and will stand
When man's best monuments wear fast away.
The law of Heaven is *Love*—and though its name
Has been usurped by passion, and profaned
To its unholy uses through all time,
Still, the external principle is pure;
And in these deep affections that we feel
Omnipotent within us, can we see
The lavish measure in which love is given.
And in the yearning tenderness of a child
For every bird that sings above its head,
And every creature feeding on the hills,
And every tree and flower, and running brook,
We see how everything was made to love,
And how they err, who, in a world like this,
Find any thing to hate but human pride.

The Story-Teller.

From Dickens' Household Words.

THE THREE SISTERS.

CHAPTER I.

"Gabrielle, you should not stay out so late alone."

"It isn't late, sister dear, for a summer's evening. The church clock struck eight just as I turned into the little path across the field."

The first speaker, who was the eldest, raised her head from her work, and, looking at Gabrielle, said:

"For you it is too late. You are not well, Gabrielle. You are quite flushed and tired.—Where have you been?"

"Nowhere but in the village," Gabrielle said.

She paused a moment, then added rather hurriedly:

"I was detained by a poor sick woman I went to see. You don't know her, Joanna, she has just come here."

"And who is she?" Joanna asked.

"She is a widow woman, not young, and very poor. She spoke to me in the road the other day, and I have seen her once or twice since. She had heard our name in the village, and to-night I promised her that you or Bertha would go and call on her. She has been very unhappy, poor thing. You will go, sister?"

"Certainly. You should have told me before. Go, now, and take off your bonnet. You have walked too quickly home on this hot night."

Another lady entered the room just as Gabrielle was leaving it, and addressed her almost as the first had done:

"You are late, Gabrielle. What has kept you out so long?"

"Joanna will tell you," Gabrielle answered; "I have only been finding some work for you, sister," and with a smile she went away.

They were two stern, cold women—Joanna and Bertha Vaux. They lived together—they two and Gabrielle—in a dark, old-fashioned house, close to a little village, in one of the southern counties of England. It was a pretty picturesque village, as most English villages are, with little clusters of white-washed, rose-twined cottages sprinkled through it, and a little rough stone country church, covered to the very top of the spire so thickly with ivy that it looked like a green bower. Here and there were scattered a few pleasant houses of the better sort, standing apart in sunny gardens, and scenting the air around with the smell of their sweet flowers.

But the house in which Joanna and Bertha and Gabrielle lived was always gloomy and dark and cold. It was a square brick house, with damp, unhealthy evergreens planted in front, upon which the sun never shone, summer or winter; the flags which paved the front of the door and the steps of the door were greened over with cheerless moss; and fungi grew up in the seams of the pavement. The windows, with their thick, black, clumsy frames, almost all faced the north, so that the cold dark rooms were never lighted up with sunshine; but looked even more dreary in the summer time, with the empty fireless grates, than on winter days. Yet the house seemed to suit well the tastes of the two elder of the Misses Vaux.

It had stood empty for some years before they took it; for its last occupier had committed suicide in one of the rooms—it was just the house for such a thing to have happened in—and the superstitious horror which the event created in the neighborhood, coupled with the dark and cheerless appearance of the house, were the causes why it remained so long unlet and so much neglected.

About six years ago, the Misses Vaux had come quite strangers to the village; and, in a short time, were settled as tenants of the lonely house. They were young women then—not more than three and four-and-twenty; but already grave, severe and stern. They dressed always in mourning, and rarely was a smile seen on their cold lips; but they spent their time almost entirely in performing acts of charity, in visiting the sick, and in making clothes for the poor. For miles around, they were known and looked up to with mingled reverence and awe. But theirs was a strange, soulless charity—more like the performance of heavy penance than of acts of love.

There was a mystery about their antecedents. No one knew whence they came or who they were; they had neither relations nor friends; they lived alone in their gloomy house, and only at long intervals—sometimes of many months—did they receive even a single letter. They were two sad, weary women, to whom life seemed to bring no pleasure, but to be only a burden, which in was their stern duty to bear uncomplainingly for a certain number of years.

Gabrielle—the beautiful, sunny-natured Gabrielle—was not with them when they first came to the village; but three years ago she had joined them, and the three had lived together since. She was then about fifteen;—a bright, joyous, beautiful creature, without a thought of sadness in her, or the faintest shadow of the gloom that rested on her sisters. Even now, although she had lived for three years in the chilling atmosphere that surrounded them, she was still unchanged, almost even as much of a child—as gay, thoughtless, and full of joy, as when she first came. It reminded one of a snow-drop blooming in the winter, forcing itself through the very midst of the surrounding snow, to see how she had grown up with this cold, wintry environment. But the gloomy house looked less gloomy now that Gabrielle lived in it. There was one little room, with a window looking to the south, (one of the three that had a sunny aspect,) which she took to be her own, and there she would sit for many hours, working by the open window, singing joyously, with the sunlight streaming over her, and the breath of the sweet flowers that she had planted in a garden as close under her window as the sun would come, stealing deliciously into the room. It was quite a pleasant little nook, with a view far over green undulating hills and yellow waving corn-fields, which sparkled and glittered like plains of moving gold in the deep bright rays of the setting sun. And Gabrielle, sitting here and gazing on them, or roaming alone among them, was quite happy and light-hearted. Even her stern sisters were thawed and softened by her presence; and, I think, felt as much love for her as it was in their nature to feel for any one, for indeed it was impossible to resist altogether her cheering influence, which spread itself over everything around her with the warmth of sunshine.

On this evening on which our tale begins, and for some days previous to it, Gabrielle had been graver and quieter than she often was. She joined her sisters now in the common sitting-room; and, with her work in her hand, sat down beside them near the window, but she answered their few questions about her evening rambles with only feigned gaity, as though she was occupied with other thoughts, or was too weary to talk; and, presently, as the twilight gathered round them, they all sank into silence. The one window looked across the road in which the house stood, to a dark plantation of stunted trees that grew opposite: a very gloomy place, which, even in the hottest summer day, had always a chill, wintry feeling, and from which even now a damp air was rising; and, entering the open window, was spreading itself through the room.

"How unlike a summer evening it is in this room!" Gabrielle suddenly broke the silence by exclaiming almost impatiently, "I wish I could, even for once, see a ray of sunshine in it. I have often wondered how any one could build a house in this situation."

"And do you never imagine that there are people who care less for sunshine than you do, Gabrielle?" Bertha asked, rather sadly.

"Yes, certainly, sister, but still it seems to me almost like a sin to shut out the beautiful heaven's sunlight as it has been shut out in this house. Winter and summer it is always alike. If it was not for my own bright little room up stairs, I think I never should be gay here at all."

"Well, Gabrielle, you need not complain of the gloominess of this room just now," Miss Vaux said. "At nine o'clock on an August evening I suppose all rooms look pretty much alike."

"Oh, sister, no!" Gabrielle cried. "Have you never noticed the different kinds of twilight? Here, in this house, it is always winter twilight, quite colorless and cold, and cheerless, but in other places, where the sun has shone, it is warm and soft and beautiful; even for an hour or longer after the sun has quite set, a faint rosy tinge, like a warm breath, seems to rest upon the air, and to shed such peace and almost holiness over everything. That was the kind of twilight, I think of it so often, that there used to be at home. I remember, so very, very long ago, how I used to sit on the ground at my mother's feet in the summer evenings, looking out through the open window at the dear old garden, where everything was so very still and quiet that it seemed to me the very trees must have fallen asleep, and how she used to tell us fairy stories in the twilight. Sisters, do you remember it?" Gabrielle asked, her voice tremulous, but not altogether, so it seemed, with emotion that the recollection had called up.

"I do," Miss Vaux said, in a voice clear and cold, and hard as ice. From Bertha there came no answer.

"It is one of the few things I recollect about her," Gabrielle said again very softly; "the rest is almost all indistinct, like a half-forgotten dream. I was only four years old, you say, Joanna, when she died?"

"You know it; why do you ask?" Miss Vaux said harshly and quickly.

There was a pause. It was so dark that none of their faces could be seen, but one might have told from the quick, nervous way in which unconsciously Gabrielle was clasping and unclasping her hand, that there was some struggle going on within her. At last, very timidly, her voice trembling, though she tried hard to steady it, she spoke again.

"Sisters, do not be angry with me. Often lately I have wished so very much to ask you some things about my mother. Oh, let me ask them now. Dear sister, tell me why it is that you never speak to me, or almost allow me to speak, of her? Is it because it grieves you so much to think of her death, or is there any other cause"—her voice sank so low that it was almost a whisper—"why her name is never mentioned among us? I have kept silence about this for so long, for I knew you did not wish to speak of it; but oh sisters, tell me now! Ought I not to know about my own mother?"

"Hush!" Miss Vaux said, in a voice stern and harsh. "Gabrielle, you do not know what you are asking. Let it be enough for you to learn that anything I could tell you of your mother could give you nothing but pain to hear—pain which we would gladly spare you yet, knowing, as we so well do, the great bitterness of it. I ask you for all our sakes, yours as much as ours, never again be the first to mention your mother's name!"

She had risen from her seat, and stood upright before Gabrielle, the outline of her tall dark figure showing clearly against the window. In her voice there was not one trace of emotion; her whole manner was hard and cold and unimpassioned; like one who had, long ago, subdued all gentle feelings.

Gabrielle's tears were falling fast, but she made no answer to Miss Vaux's words. She stood much in awe of both her sisters, especially of the eldest, and knew well how hopeless all remonstrance with her would be.

After a few moments Bertha laid her hand on Gabrielle's shoulder, saying, with something of gentleness in her voice:

"You distress yourself too much, my child. Trust more in us, Gabrielle. We would try to keep sorrow from you; do not make it impossible."

"Yes, yes; I know it is meant kindly toward me," Gabrielle said gently, "but you forget that I suffer from being in ignorance. I cannot forget that you are concealing something from me."

"Which I would to God I could conceal from you for ever," Miss Vaux said. "Gabrielle, foolish child, do not seek for sorrow; it will come quickly enough of itself;" and she turned from her with some muttered words that her sister could not hear.

Gabrielle tried to speak again; but Bertha raised her hand warningly, and they were all silent; Gabrielle with her face bowed down upon her hands in the thick twilight.

"We will close the window and have lights," Bertha said, after some time had passed; "the night air is getting cold."

With a deep sigh Gabrielle rose, and drew down the open window, standing there for some minutes alone, and looking out upon the dark evergreen grove.

CHAPTER II.

"I am going into the village;" Miss Vaux said. "If you will tell me where that poor woman lives you were speaking of last night, Gabrielle, I will call upon her now."

"Let me go with you," Gabrielle said quickly. "I told her we would come together. Wait for me one minute, and I will be ready."

"I scarcely see the need of it. You are looking pale and ill, Gabrielle. I would advise you to stay in the house and rest."

"I have a headache and the air will do it good," Gabrielle answered. "Let me go, sister."

"As you will, then," Miss Vaux said, and Gabrielle went away to dress.

She had not yet recovered her usual gay spirits; but was still grave, quiet, and apparently occupied with her own thoughts, and the two walked side by side, almost without speaking, along the little path over the field which lay between their house and the village. It was a very bright sunny summer's, day, too hot, indeed, for walking, but beautiful to look at. The heat seemed to weary Gabrielle, she walked so very slowly, and was so pale.

"This is the house, sister. We go through the kitchen; she has the room above."

They raised the latch and went in. No one was in the lower room; so they passed through, and ascended a low narrow staircase, almost like a ladder, which rose abruptly from a doorway at the farther side, until they reached another door which stood facing them, without any landing between it and the highest step. Gabrielle knocked, and a faint voice from within answered, "Come in;" and she entered, followed by her sister. It was a very small room, and very bare of furniture; for there was little in it but a deal bedstead, an old table, and one or two old ricketty chairs, in one of which—that boasted of a pair of broken arms and something that had once been a cushion—sat the woman they had come to visit.

Gabrielle went quickly up to her, and taking her hand said in a low voice:

"I have brought my sister, as I promised—my eldest sister."

The woman bowed her head without speaking; then tried to rise from her seat, but she seemed very weak, and her hand trembled as she leaned on the arm of her chair.

"Do not rise, my good woman," Miss Vaux said, kindly, and her voice sounded almost soft—she was so used to attune it so as to be in harmony with a sick chamber—"do not rise; I see you are very weak," and she drew a chair near, and sat down by her side.

"You have come quite lately to the village, my sister tells me?"

"Quite lately, less than a week ago," was the answer; but spoken in so low a voice that the words were scarcely audible.

"Were you ever here before? Have you any connection with the place?" Miss Vaux asked.

"No, none."

"But you had probably some motive in coming here? Have you no relations or friends?"

"No, no," the woman cried, suddenly bursting into tears, "I have no friends, no friends in the wide world!"

A gentle hand was laid on her shoulder; a gentle voice whispered some soft words in her ear, and the woman looked up into Gabrielle's dark eyes, and murmured something between her sobs. Then they were all silent for a few moments.

"I think you are a widow?" Miss Vaux asked, gently, when she had become calmer.

"Yes," she answered, slowly, as though the word had been dragged from her, so much it seemed to pain her to speak it.

"And have you any children?"

A moment's pause, and then another "yes," hardly intelligible from the choking sob which accompanied it.

Miss Vaux was silent, looking inquiringly into the woman's face. It was partly turned from her, partly shaded with her thin hand; her large eyes looking up with a strange agonized look into Gabrielle's eyes, her pale lips moving convulsively. Gabrielle's face was almost as pale as hers; her look almost as full of agony.

Miss Vaux glanced from one to the other, at first with pity; then suddenly a quick change came over her face; a deep flush mounted to her brow, she darted from her seat; and, calm as she ordinarily was, her whole figure trembled as she stood before them, with her fierce gaze turned on them.

Pale as death, neither of them speaking, they bore her passionate look; quite motionless, too, except that Gabrielle had instinctively clasped the widow's hand in hers, and held it tightly.

"Speak to me, Gabrielle!" Miss Vaux cried; and her voice, harsh, loud, and quivering with passion, echoed through the room; "tell me who this woman is!"

From the widow's lips there burst one word—one word like a sudden, bitter cry—"Joanna!"

She stretched out her arms imploringly, trying to grasp even her daughter's dress; but Miss Vaux sprang from her, and stood erect in the centre of the room; her tall figure drawn to its full height; her burning eye still turned with unutterable anger upon the crouching woman near her.

"You have dared to do this. You have dared to seek us out here, where we had hoped to hide ourselves from the scoffing of the bitter, heartless world; where we had tried by acts of charity, by suffering and penance, to blot out the recollection of the shame that you have brought upon us! Are we nowhere secure from you? What have we to do with you? You cast us off, years ago."

"Sister, sister!" cried Gabrielle's imploring voice, "oh, remember, whatever she has done, that she is still our mother. Have mercy on her, for she cannot bear this!"

But sternly and coldly came Miss Vaux's answer:

"Did she remember that we were her children when she left us? Did she remember that our father was her husband? We all loved her then—she was very dear to us—but she turned all our warm love into bitterness. She destroyed our happiness at one stroke, for ever; she blighted, without a pang, all the hope of our young lives; she branded us with a mark of shame that we can never shake off: she plunged an arrow into the heart of each of us, which lies festering there now. Are these things to be forgiven? I tell you it is impossible! I will never forgive her—I swore it by my father's deathbed—never while I live! Gabrielle, this is no place for you. Come home with me?"

"Hear me first!" the mother cried, creeping from the seat in which she had sunk back, and cowering, with hidden face, had listened to her daughter's words, "hear me before you go! I have deserved everything—everything you can say; but, oh, from you it is bitter to hear it! Oh, my daughter, listen to me!" She flung herself at Miss Vaux's feet on the bare floor.

"You speak of the sorrows I have brought upon you—the sorrow and the shame; but have they equalled what I have endured? Day and night—day and night—through months and years—fourteen long years—oh, think of it! I have wished to kill myself, but I dared not do it; I have prayed fervently to die. Oh, no, no, stay and listen to me? My last hope—my last hope in heaven and earth is only with you. Oh my daughter! you say you loved me once—will not one spark of the old love live again! I will try yet once more to move you to pity. I have not told you all. I have not told you how, in my agony, I tried to find rest and peace; how I sought it everywhere—wandering from place to place alone, in hunger and thirst in cold and weariness, in poverty and wretchedness; finding none anywhere, until at last, worn out with misery, I wandered here. And here I saw Gabrielle, my beautiful child, my love, my darling!"

The wan face lighted up with passionate love as she looked at her who was kneeling by her side.

"She believed me when I told her of my sorrow. She comforted me with such sweet words, that they sank like healing balm into my soul, as though an angel's voice had spoken them. Do not take her from me!"

"Mother, do not fear," Gabrielle's soothing voice whispered, "I will stay with you—did I not promise it?"

"Gabrielle!" cried Miss Vaux. "Come with me, and leave her. The tie that once bound us to her she herself has severed forever: we have nothing further to do with her. Gabrielle, come!"

"I cannot come! She is my mother. I cannot leave her."

"And we are your sisters. To whom do you owe most? We have watched over you through your life; we have shielded you from sorrow; we have loved you almost with the love that *she* ought to have given you. You have been the single joy that we have had for years. Have you no love to give us in return for all we have given you? Oh, Gabrielle—my sister, I pray you!—I, who am so little used to entreat any one, I pray you for the sake of the love we have borne you—for the sake of the honor that is still left us—for the sake of all that you hold sacred—come, come back with us!"

A low moan burst from the mother's lips; for Gabrielle, weeping bitterly, rose from her knees, and threw herself into her sister's arms.

"Heaven bless you for this!" Miss Vaux exclaimed; but interrupting her in a broken voice, Gabrielle cried, "You do not understand me. I cannot return with you! No, sister. Anything—anything else I will do, but I cannot forsake her in her penitence! Can you do it yourself? O, sister, will you not take her home!"

"I will not!"

There was a long pause, broken once or twice by the deep sobs that seemed bursting the mother's heart. Then Miss Vaux spoke again, earnestly, even imploringly!

"Gabrielle, I ask you once more, for the last time, to return with me. Foolish child, think what you are doing. You are bringing down your father's dying curse upon your head—you are piercing the hearts of those who love you with new and bitter sorrow; you are closing—wilfully closing—against yourself the door that is still open to receive you; you are making yourself homeless—a wanderer—perahps a beggar. Oh, my dear sister Gabrielle, think once more—think of all this?"

"Sister, spare me further; your words wound me; but I have decided, and I cannot return with you. My mother's home is my home."

"Then I say no more," Miss Vaux exclaimed, while her whole figure shook. "May God forgive you for what you do this day!"

The door closed, and Gabrielle and her mother were left alone.

Gently and lovingly Gabrielle raised her from the ground, led her to her seat, and tried to calm and soothe her—though she wept herself the while—with cheerful, tender words:

"Mother, are you not glad to have me with you—your own little Gabrielle? You said it would make you happy, and yet see how you are weeping! Hush, mother dear, hush! I will be always with you now, to nurse you, and to take care of you, and comfort you, and you will get strong and well soon; and some day, mother, some day perhaps their hearts will soften, and they will forgive us both, and take us home to them, and we will all live again together, loving one another." And Gabrielle tried to smile through the tears that were falling still.

"My child, I am weak and selfish," the mother said. "I should have told you to go back to your home, and to leave me; but I could not do it. Yet even now my heart is reproaching me for what I have done. How are we to live? My Gabrielle, you do not know how I have struggled and labored, sometimes, only for a crust of bread!"

"Mother, you shall labor no more. My sisters are very just: all that is mine, they will give me. We will live on very little; we will find out some little quiet village, where no one will know who we are, or where we came from, and there we will rest together. I will never leave you more—nevermore until death parts us."

She hung upon her mother's neck, kissing the pale brow and sunken cheek, and wiping away the tears that were yet falling: though more slowly and more calmly falling, now.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

Cold. The coldest berth a man can find is to act as brakeman on a railroad car, when the locomotive is making thirty miles an hour against a wind sharp enough to cut your throat.

May be so, says Snobs; but perhaps you never stood at the corner, during a regular Northeaster, and through the back windows saw your wife kissing another woman's husband—she thinking all the while you were well on your way toward New York. Perhaps you never undertook to eat ice creams when seated on an iceberg, with your feet in a tub of freezing mixture, and the atmosphere so cold that the mercury had gone down out of sight. Perhaps you never stood four hours under the window of your lady-love only to see her bid adieu to your rival with most affecting tenderness. Don't tell about cold berths, said Snobs, wiping his eyes, till you have enjoyed some of these luxuries.

An Auction Sell. A queer looking customer inserted his head into an auction store, and looking gravely at the "knight of the hammer," inquired,

"Can I bid, sir?"

"Certainly," replied the auctioneer, "you can bid."

"Well, then," said the wag, walking off, "I bid you good night."

The tongue was intended for a divine organ, but the devil often plays upon it.

Sabbath Reading.

From the Knickerbocker Magazine.

LITTLE HENRIQUE; Or the Child's Death Bed.

A COLLOQUY FROM LIFE.

Mother, the flowers are dying, all are dying on the hills,
And there's something like to gloominess my yearning spirit fills;
Last year they died, but then I brought the chestnut from the wood,
And roamed the orchard where the trees of golden apples stood.
But now I'm all too weak, mother; my limbs would ache with pain;
And I am going where the flowers will never fade again;
I can only see the yellow leaves that round my window play,
As borne upon the winged winds, to sink and then decay.
Last night I lay awake, mother; I could not sleep for thought;
While in the hearth the cricket's chirp such mournful musings brought,
And the pendulum against the wall, tick-ticking all the night,
Seemed but the sounding foot falls of the moments in their flight.
And soon old winter will be here, with cold and ice and storm;
I'm glad that I am going where the days are bright and warm;
And you will be so lonely then,—oh mother, mother, dear,
Why is your bosom heaving, and in your eye that tear?
'Tis only one short year ago grandfather died, you know;
And I trembled as I saw them make his bed so cold and low;
And very bitterly I wept, through all the lonesome night,
And I thought how bitterly he'd weep to wake and find no light.
Then you told me of a realm afar, beyond the clouds away,
And of the good King, that o'er it reigns, throughout eternal day;
And you said the years were very few ere we should meet him there,
In that realm beyond the clouds, away from trouble and from care.
And mother! do you think, when we come to meet him there,
He'll sit just as he used to sit, in his big old easy chair?
With his spectacles and Bible, and a smile of quiet joy,
And take me on his knee and say, "God bless our little boy?"
My little play-mate Alfred, too, I went to see him when
He lay so pale and motionless—he didn't know me then;
I took his hand in mine—it was, oh! so cold and numb!
He'll be very glad to see me—won't he, mother—when I come?
Old Cæsar, too, we used to have such sport with him, you know:
You told me where I'm going a dog could never go;
But it would seem so pleasant, mother, to see him once again,
Come bounding forth to me, as he used to up the lane!
But, mother, your heart is breaking!—I cannot bear that sigh:
Oh, I know 'tis very gloomy, and the winds are wild and high;
There'll be no leaves left where they grew, no flowers to-morrow day;
But there's enough where we are going, far beyond the clouds away!

DUTIES TO THE DEPARTED.

A false, sad notion has injured many, that we owe it to the departed friends to die to those who remain, to die to our race, to feed on dark pictures of life, to reject the blessings which our kind Father has strewed in our path, because some have been taken from us. It ought to be the influence of bereavement—of the banished loved ones from our sight, to give us more reverend and quickening conception of the spiritual nature of the undying soul, of that futurity thro' which our faculties and affections are to expand into divine life and felicity; and under this hope we should desire to enter a nobler field of action, now the departed have gone to see, to love and serve the infinite Father with a new fervor and elevation of spirit—and we should strive to sympathize with them by participation in their progress. We are apt to feel as if nothing we could do on earth bears a relation to what the good are doing in a higher world; but it is not so. Heaven and earth are not so far apart. Every disinterested act, every sacrifice to duty, every exertion for "one of the least of Christ's brethren," every new insight into God's works, every new impulse given to the love of truth and goodness, associates us with the departed, brings us nearer to them, and is as truly heavenly as if we were not acting upon earth, but in heaven. These are common truths, but we do not feel them. The spiritual tie between us and the departed is not felt as it should be. Our union with them daily grows stronger, if we daily make progress in what they are growing in. [Channing.

THE STORM OF LIFE.

Life bears on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first glides swiftly down the narrow channel, through the playful murmurings of a little brook, and winding along its grassy borders, the trees shed their blossoms over our young hands; we are in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us, but the stream hurries us on, and still our hands are empty.

Our course in youth and manhood is along a wider and deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry that are passing before us; we are excited by short lived success, or depressed and rendered miserable by some short lived disappointment. But our energy and dependence are both in vain. The stream bears us on, and our joys and griefs are left behind us; we may be shipwrecked but we cannot anchor; our voyage may be hastened but we cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens towards its home; the roaring of the waves is beneath our keel, and the land lessens from our eyes, the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our last leave of earth and its inhabitants, and of our future voyage there is no witness but the infinite and the eternal. [Bishop Heber.

TRUST IN GOD.

Do you see yonder little yellow bird? He sits upon the lithe spray of the peach tree, crimsoned with blossoms; and there he sings and sings so merrily, tossing his pretty head from side to side, uncaring for the gathering storm that darkens all all the horizon. Now the wind comes surging up from the path of the ocean, the spray bends and droops, the leaves flutter, the strong breath of the blast shakes all the branches; why does not the bird feel alarm?—there he sits and trills his merry song, never heeding how his frail habitation is troubled.

So a Christian ever seems secure, even though the foundations upon which he builds all his earthly peace are shaken by the fierce blast of persecution; though the bough of his earthly hopes is bent to the very ground; though blackness gathers around him; though the lightnings of angry words scathe his brain, there he humbly sits while the storm is coming, and sings his song of trust in God.

In divine account, a man knows no more than he doeth.

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